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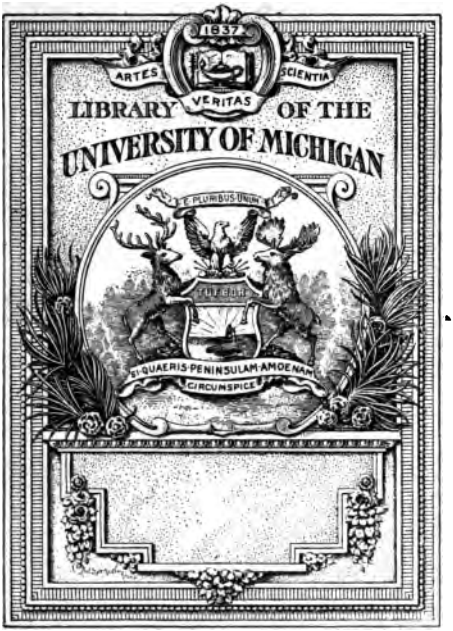
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE EIGHTEENTH.

LONDON:

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M DCC LXXIX.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

VOLUME II.

a 2

171789

THE THIRD BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

ÆNeis proceeds in his relation: he gives an account of the fleet with which he ſailed, and the ſucceſs of his firſt voyage to Thrace; from thence he directs his courſe to Delos, and aſks the oracle what place the Gods had appointed for his habitation? By a miſtake of the oracle's anſwer, he ſettles in Crete: his houſhold Gods give him the true ſenſe of the oracle in a dream: he follows their advice, and makes the beſt of his way for Italy: he is caſt on ſeveral ſhores, and meets with very ſurprizing adventures, till at length he lands on Sicily; where his father Anchiſes dies. This is the place he was ſailing from, when the tempeſt roſe, and threw him upon the Carthaginian coaſt.

WHEN heaven had overturn'd th' Trojan ſtate,
And Priam's throne, by too ſevere a fate:

When ruin'd Troy became the Grecians prey,
And Ilium's lofty towers in aſhes lay:
Warn'd by celeſtial omens, we retreat,
To ſeek in foreign lands a happier ſeat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida's foot,
The timber of the ſacred groves we cut;
And build our fleet: uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repoſe aſſign'd.
Friends daily flock, and ſcarce the kindly ſpring
Began to cloathe the ground, and birds to ſing:
When old Anchiſes ſummon'd all to ſea:
The crew, my father and the fates obey.
With ſighs and tears I leave my native ſhore,
And empty fields, where Ilium ſtood before.
My ſire, my ſon, our leſs, and greater gods,
All ſail at once; and cleave the briny floods.
Againſt our coaſt appears a ſpacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command:
Thracia the name; the people bold in war;
Vaſt are their fields, and tillage is their care.
A hoſpitable realm, while fate was kind;
With Troy in friendſhip and religion join'd.
I land, with luckleſs omens; then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the ſhore:
I lay the deep foundations of a wall:
And Enos, nam'd from me, the city call.
To Dionæan Venus vows are paid,
And all the powers that riſing labours aid;
A bull on Jove's imperial altar laid.

Not

Not far, a riſing hillock ſtood in view;
Sharp myrtles, on the ſides, and cornels grew.
There, while I went to crop the ſylvan ſcenes,
And ſhade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant (with horror I relate
A prodigy ſo ſtrange, and full of fate);
The rooted fibres roſe; and from the wound,
Black bloody drops diſtill'd upon the ground.
Mute, and amaz'd, my hair with terror ſtood;
Fear ſhrunk my ſinews, and congeal'd my blood:
Man'd once again, another plant I try,
That other guſh'd with the ſame ſanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for ſome offence unknown,
With prayers and vows the Dryads I atone;
With all the ſiſters of the woods, and moſt
The god of arms, who rules the Thracian coaſt:
That they, or he, theſe omens would avert;
Releaſe our fears, and better ſigns impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cauſe, I tugg'd with all my ſtrength:
I bent my knees againſt the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the ſequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan as of a troubled ghoſt renew'd
My fright, and then theſe dreadful words enſued:
Why doſt thou thus my bury'd body rend?
O ſpare the corpſe of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears diſtil not from the wounded wood;

But every drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins:
O fly from this unhoſpitable ſhore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again ſhoot upward, by my blood renew'd.
My faltering tongue and ſhivering limbs declare
My horror, and in briſtles roſe my hair.
When Troy with Grecian arms was cloſely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapleſs Polydore to Thracia ſent.
Loaded with gold, he ſent his darling far
From noiſe and tumults, and deſtructive war:
Committed to the faithleſs tyrant's care:
Who, when he ſaw the power of Troy decline,
Forſook the weaker, with the ſtrong to join:
Broke every bond of nature, and of truth:
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O ſacred hunger of pernicious gold,
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold!
Now, when my ſoul had ſhaken off her fears,
I call my father, and the Trojan peers:
Relate the prodigies of heaven, require
What he commands, and their advice deſire.
All vote to leave that execrable ſhore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore.
But ere we ſail, his funeral rites prepare;
Then, to his ghoſt, a tomb and altars rear.

In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round:
With baleful cypreſs and blue fillets crown'd;
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the ſoul of Polydore.
Now when the raging ſtorms no longer reign;
But ſouthern gales invite us to the main;
We launch our veſſels, with a proſperous wind;
And leave the cities and the ſhores behind.
An iſland in th' Ægean main appears;
Neptune and watery Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phœbus fix'd the ſides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come aſhore,
With needful eaſe our weary limbs reſtore:
And the ſun's temple and his town adore.
Anius the prieſt, and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who ſaw my ſire the Delian ſhore aſcend,
Came forth with eager haſte to meet his friend:
Invites him to his palace: and in ſign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went;
And thus before the ſhrine my vows preſent:
Give, O Thymbræus, give a reſting-place
To the ſad relicks of the Trojan race:
A ſeat ſecure, a region of their own,
A laſting empire, and a happier town.
Where ſhall we fix, where ſhall our labours end,
Whom ſhall we follow, and what fate attend?

Let not my prayers a doubtful anſwer find,
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.
Scarce had I ſaid; he ſhook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around:
And from the tripos ruſh'd a bellowing ſound.
Proſtrate we fell, confeſs'd the preſent god;
Who gave this anſwer from his dark abode:
Undaunted youths, go ſeek that mother earth
From which your anceſtors derive their birth,
The ſoil that ſent you forth, her ancient race,
In her old boſom, ſhall again embrace.
Through the wide world th' Æneian houſe ſhall reign,
And childrens children ſhall the crown ſuſtain.
Thus Phœbus did our future fates diſcloſe:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, aroſe.
All are concern'd to know what place the god
Aſſign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus anſwer'd their demands: Ye princes, hear
Your pleaſing fortune; and diſpel your fear.
The fruitful iſle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies with large command;
And on its plains a hundred cities ſtand.
Another Ida riſes there; and we
From thence derive our Trojan anceſtry.
From thence, as 'tis divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhætean ſhores old Teucer came:

There fix'd, and there the ſeat of empire choſe,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan towers aroſe.
In humble vales they built their ſoft abodes:
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals, charm'd th' Idean woods.
She ſecret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the ſavage lions brought.
Let us the land, which heaven appoints, explore;
Appeaſe the winds, and ſeek the Gnoſſian ſhore.
If Jove aſſiſt the paſſage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn diſcovers Crete.
Thus having ſaid, the ſacrifices laid
On ſmoaking altars, to the gods he paid.
A bull to Neptune, an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo flew:
A milk-white ewe the weſtern winds to pleaſe:
And one coal black to calm the ſtormy ſeas.
Ere this, a flying rumour had been ſpread,
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled;
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coaſt was free
From foreign or domeſtic enemy:
We leave the Delian ports, and put to ſea.
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way:
Then green Donyſa paſs; and ſail in ſight
Of Paros iſle, with marble quarries white.
We paſs the ſcatter'd iſles of Cyclades,
That, ſcarce diſtinguiſh'd, ſeem to ſtud the ſeas.
The ſhouts of ſailors double near the ſhores;
They ſtretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.

All hands aloft, for Crete, for Crete they cry,
And ſwiftly through the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis'd land at length we bore,
With joy deſcending on the Cretan ſhore.
With eager haſte a riſing town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itſelf was grateful; I exhort
To found their houſes, and erect a fort.
Our ſhips are haul'd upon the yellow ſtrand.
The youth begin to till the labour'd land.
And I myſelf new marriages promote,
Give laws; and dwellings I divide by lot.
When riſing vapours choke the wholeſom air,
And blaſts of noiſom winds corrupt the year:
The trees, devouring caterpillars burn:
Parch'd was the graſs, and blighted was the corn.
Nor ſcape the beaſts: for Sirius from on high
With peſtilential heat infects the ſky:
My men, ſome fall, the reſt in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me ſeek the ſhore
Of ſacred Delos and the god implore:
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary courſe direct.
'Twas night, when every creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy ſlumber ſhares:
The ſtatues of my gods (for ſuch they ſeem'd),
Thoſe gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem'd,
Before me ſtood; majeſtically bright,
Full in the beams of Phœbe's entering light.

Then

Then thus they ſpoke; and eas'd my troubled mind:
What from the Delian god thou go'ſt to find,
He tells thee here; and ſends us to relate:
Thoſe powers are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought;
Thy fortune follow'd, and thy ſafety wrought.
Through ſeas and lands as we thy ſteps attend,
So ſhall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain;
A town, that o'er the conquer'd world ſhall reign.
Thou mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labours yield:
But change thy ſeat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Heſperia call'd of old,
The ſoil is fruitful, and the natives bold.
Th' Oenotrians held it once; by later fame,
Now call'd Italia from the leader's name.
Jaſius there, and Dardanus were born:
From thence we came, and thither muſt return.
Riſe, and thy ſire with theſe glad tidings greet;
Search Italy, for Jove denies thee Crete.
Aſtoniſh'd at their voices, and their ſight,
(Nor were they dreams, but viſions of the night;
I ſaw, I knew their faces, and deſcry'd
In perfect view their hair with fillets ty'd);
I ſtarted from my couch, and clammy ſweat
On all my limbs and ſhivering body ſate.
To heaven I lift my hands with pious haſte,
And ſacred incenſe in the flames I caſt.

Thus

Thus to the gods their perfect honours done,
More chearful to my good old ſire I run,
And tell the pleaſing news: in little ſpace
He found his error of the double race.
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful ſeat.
Then ſaid, O ſon! turmoil'd in Trojan fate,
Such things as theſe Caſſandra did relate;
This day revives within my mind, what ſhe
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands: but who could then have thought
That Phrygian gods to Latium ſhould be brought?
Or who believ'd what mad Caſſandra taught?
Now let us go, where Phœbus leads the way,
He ſaid, and we with glad conſent obey:
Forſake the ſeat; and, leaving few behind,
We ſpread our ſails before the willing wind.
Now from the ſight of land our gallies move,
With only ſeas around, and ſkies above.
When o'er our heads deſcends a burſt of rain,
And night, with ſable clouds, involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raiſe;
The ſcatter'd fleet is forc'd to ſeveral ways;
The face of heaven is raviſh'd from our eyes,
And, in redoubled peals, the roaring thunder flies.
Caſt from our courſe, we wander in the dark;
No ſtars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no diſtinction found
Betwixt the night and day, ſuch darkneſs reign'd around.

Three

Three ſtarleſs nights the doubtful navy ſtrays
Without diſtinction, and three ſunleſs days.
The fourth renews the light, and, from our ſhrouds,
We view a riſing land like diſtant clouds:
The mountain-tops confirm the pleaſing ſight,
And curling ſmoke aſcending from their height.
The canvaſs falls, their oars the ſailors ply,
From the rude ſtrokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the ſtormy ſeas:
Thoſe iſles are compaſs'd by th' Iönian main,
The dire abode where the foul harpies reign:
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their coſtly fare.
Monſters more fierce, offended heaven ne'er ſent
From hell's abyſs, for human puniſhment.
With virgin-faces, but with wombs obſcene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure ſtill unclean:
With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.
We landed at the port, and ſoon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flowery field:
And wanton goats without a keeper ſtray'd;
With weapons we the welcome prey invade.
Then call the gods for partners of our feaſt:
And Jove himſelf the chief invited gueſt.
We ſpread the tables on the greenſword ground:
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round:
When from the mountain tops, with hideous cry,
And clattering wings, the hungry harpies fly:

They ſnatch the meat, defiling all they find;
And, parting, leave a loathſome ſtench behind.
Cloſe by a hollow rock again we ſit,
New dreſs the dinner, and the beds refit;
Secure from ſight, beneath a pleaſing ſhade,
Where tufted trees a native arbour made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn,
And once again the ravenous birds return:
Or from the dark receſſes where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the ſky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathſome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the helliſh nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the graſs their glittering weapons hide:
Then, when along the crooked ſhore we hear
Their clattering wings, and ſaw the foes appear,
Miſenus ſounds a charge: we take th' alarm,
And our ſtrong hands with ſwords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmoſt force the monſters to deſtroy.
In vain; the fated ſkin is proof to wounds:
And, from their plumes, the ſhining ſword rebounds.
At length, rebuff'd, they leave their mangled prey,
And their ſtretch'd pinions to the ſkies diſplay.
Yet one remain'd the meſſenger of Fate,
High on a craggy cliff Celæno ſate,
And thus her diſmal errand did relate:

What,

What, not contented with our oxen ſlain,
Dare you with heaven an impious war maintain,
And drive the harpies from their native reign?
Heed, therefore, what I ſay, and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phœbus has deſign'd:
And I, the Fury's queen, from both relate:
You ſeek th' Italian ſhores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian ſhores are granted you to find,
And a ſafe paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curſes ſhall ſeverely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot, for this miſdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.
She ſaid, and to the neighbouring foreſt flew:
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeleſs to win by war, to prayers we fall,
And on th' offended harpies humbly call.
And whether gods or birds obſcene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchiſes, offering ſacrifice,
And lifting up to heaven his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: Avert, ſaid he,
Theſe omens; render vain this prophecy;
And, from th' impending curſe, a pious people free.
Thus having ſaid, he bids us put to ſea;
We looſe from ſhore our hauſers and obey,
And ſoon, with ſwelling ſails, purſue our watery way.
Amidſt our courſe Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we ſteer:

We

Still are you Hector's, or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance loſt in Pyrrhus' bed?
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modeſt pauſe, ſhe thus begun:
Oh only happy maid of Priam's race,
Whom death deliver'd from the foes embrace!
Commanded on Achilles' tomb to die,
Not forc'd, like us, to hard captivity;
Or in a haughty maſter's arms to lie.
In Grecian ſhips unhappy we were borne:
Endur'd the victor's luſt; ſuſtain'd the ſcorn:
Thus I ſubmitted to the lawleſs pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy'd with poſſeſſion, he forſook my bed,
And Helen's lovely daughter ſought to wed.
Then me to Trojan Helenus reſign'd:
And his two ſlaves in equal marriage join'd.
Till young Oreſtes, pierc'd with deep deſpair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar ſlew the raviſher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At leaſt one half with Helenus remain'd;
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls:
And names, from Pergamus, his riſing walls.
But you, what Fates have landed on our coaſt,
What gods have ſent you, or what ſtorms have toſs'd?
Does young Aſcanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?

O tell

O tell me how his mother's loſs he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?
She ſpoke: and mix'd her ſpeech with mournful cries:
And fruitleſs tears came trickling from her eyes.
At length her lord deſcends upon the plain,
In pomp attended with a numerous train:
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidſt his welcome ſheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I ſee;
Or, in leſs compaſs, Troy's epitome.
A rivulet by the name of Xanthus ran:
And I embrace the Scæan gate again.
My friends in porticos were entertain'd,
And feaſts and pleaſures through the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the ſpacious hall around,
And golden bowls with ſparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we paſs'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the ſouth, ſupply'd our ſwelling ſails.
Then to the royal ſeer I thus began:
O thou who know'ſt, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heaven, and what the ſtars decree,
Whom Phœbus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree:
Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auſpices their notes and flights declare:
O ſay; for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a proſperous end;
And every power and omen of the ſky
Direct my courſe for deſtin'd Italy.

But only dire Celæno, from the gods,
A diſmal famine fatally forebodes:
O ſay what dangers I am firſt to ſhun,
What toils to vanquiſh, and what courſe to run.
The prophet firſt with ſacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores:
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phœbus next my trembling ſteps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god poſſeſs'd, before the ſhrine,
Theſe words proceeded from his mouth divine:
O goddeſs-born (for heaven's appointed will,
With greater auſpices of good than ill,
Fore-ſhows thy voyage, and thy courſe directs;
Thy fates conſpire, and Jove himſelf protects):
Of many things, ſome few I ſhall explain,
Teach thee to ſhun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd ſhore to gain.
The reſt the Fates from Helenus conceal;
And Juno's angry power forbids to tell.
Firſt then, that happy ſhore, that ſeems ſo nigh,
Will far from your deluded wiſhes fly:
Long tracts of ſeas divide your hopes from Italy.
For you muſt cruiſe along Sicilian ſhores,
And ſtem the currents with your ſtruggling oars:
Then round th' Italian coaſt your navy ſteer,
And, after this, to Circe's iſland veer.
And laſt, before your new foundations riſe,
Muſt paſs the Stygian lake, and view the nether ſkies.

Now

Now mark the ſigns of future eaſe and reſt,
And bear them ſafely treaſur'd in thy breaſt.
When in the ſhady ſhelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou ſhalt behold a ſow upon the ground,
With thirty ſucking young encompaſs'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling ſnow:
Theſe on thy city ſhall their name beſtow,
And there ſhall end thy labour and thy woe.
Nor let the threat'ned famine fright thy mind,
For Phœbus will aſſiſt, and fate the way will find.
Let not thy courſe to that ill coaſt be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent;
Thoſe parts are all by Grecian foes poſſeſs'd:
The ſavage Locrians here the ſhores infeſt.
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards, with arms, the Salentinian fields.
And on the mountain's brow Petilia ſtands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the ſhore,
And prieſts with holy vows the gods adore;
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes;
Let hoſtile faces blaſt the ſacrifice.
Theſe rites and cuſtoms to the reſt commend,
That to your pious race they may deſcend.

When parted hence, the wind that ready waits
For Sicily, ſhall bear you to the ſtraits:
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea:

Veer ſtarboard ſea and land. Th' Italian ſhore,
And fair Sicilia's coaſt were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw, the roaring tides
The paſſage broke, that land from land divides:
And where the lands retir'd, the ruſhing ocean rides.
Diſtinguiſh'd by the ſtraits, on either hand,
Now riſing cities in long order ſtand,
And fruitful fields (ſo much can time invade
The mouldering work that beauteous nature made).
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left preſides;
And in her greedy whirlpool ſucks the tides:
Then ſpouts them from below; with fury driven,
The waves mount up, and waſh the face of heaven.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The ſinking veſſel in her eddy draws;
Then daſhes on the rocks: a human face,
And virgin-boſom, hides her tail's diſgrace.
Her parts obſcene below the waves deſcend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'Tis ſafer, then, to bear aloof to ſea,
And coaſt Pachynus, though with more delay;
Than once to view miſhapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of watery wolves to hear.
Beſides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phœbus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget:
Which therefore more than once I muſt repeat.
Above the reſt, great Juno's name adore:
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.

Let

Let gifts be to the mighty queen deſign'd;
And mollify with prayers her haughty mind,
Thus, at the length, your paſſage ſhall be free,
And you ſhall ſafe deſcend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumæ, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the ſounding wood,
The mad prophetic ſibyl you ſhall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She ſings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names inſcrib'd, to leaves commits.
What ſhe commits to leaves, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are diſplay'd:
Unmov'd they lie: but if a blaſt of wind
Without, or vapours iſſue from behind,
The leaves are borne aloft in liquid air,
And ſhe reſumes no more her muſeful care:
Nor gathers from the rocks her ſcatter'd verſe:
Nor ſets in order what the winds diſperſe.
Thus, many not ſucceeding, moſt upbraid
The madneſs of the viſionary maid;
And, with loud curſes, leave the myſtic ſhade.
Think it not loſs of time a while to ſtay;
Though thy companions chide thy long delay:
Though ſummon'd to the ſeas, though pleaſing gales
Invite thy courſe, and ſtretch thy ſwelling ſails,
But beg the ſacred prieſteſs to relate
With ſwelling words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people ſhe will ſhow;
And all thy wars and all thy future woe;
And what thou may'ſt avoid, and what muſt undergo.

She ſhall direct thy courſe; inſtruct thy mind;
And teach thee how the happy ſhores to find.
This is what heaven allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; purſue thy better fate,
And raiſe, by ſtrength of arms, the Trojan ſtate;
This when the prieſt with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me licenſe, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treaſure, he ſupply'd my want
With heavy gold, and poliſh'd elephant.
Then Dodonæan caldrons put on board,
And every ſhip with ſums of ſilver ſtor'd.
A truſty coat of mail to me he ſent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for uſe and ornament:
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the reſt,
Then flouriſh'd with a plume and waving creſt.
Nor was my ſire forgotten, nor my friends:
And large recruits he to my navy ſends;
Men, horſes, captains, arms, and warlike ſtores:
Supplies new pilots, and new ſweeping oars.
Mean time my ſire commands to hoiſt our ſails;
Leſt we ſhould loſe the firſt auſpicious gales.
The prophet bleſt the parting crew: and laſt,
With words like theſe, his ancient friend embrac'd.
Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heavenly Venus honour'd with her love,
And twice preſerv'd thy life when Troy was loſt,
Behold from far the wiſh'd Auſonian coaſt:
There land; but take a larger compaſs round;
For that before is all forbidden ground.

The

The ſhore that Phœbus has deſign'd for you,
At farther diſtance lies, conceal'd from view:
Go happy hence, and ſeek your new abodes;
Bleſs'd in a ſon, and favour'd by the gods:
For I with uſeleſs words prolong your ſtay;
When ſouthern gales have ſummon'd you away.
Nor leſs the queen our parting thence deplor'd;
Nor was leſs bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble preſent to my ſon ſhe brought,
A robe with flowers on golden tiſſue wrought;
A Phrygian veſt; and loads, with gifts beſide
Of precious texture, and of Aſian pride.
Accept, ſhe ſaid, theſe monuments of love;
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard theſe trifles for the giver's ſake;
'Tis the laſt preſent Hector's wife can make.
Thou call'ſt my loſt Aſtyanax to mind:
In thee his features and his form I find.
His eyes ſo ſparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions, ſuch was all his frame;
And, ah! had heaven ſo pleas'd, his years had been the ſame.
With tears I took my laſt adieu, and ſaid,
Your fortune, happy fair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wiſh: my different ſtate,
Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet ſeat the gods allow,
You have no ſhores to ſearch, no ſeas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chace:
(Deluding viſions, and a vain embrace!)

You ſee another Simois, and enjoy
The labour of your hands, another Troy;
With better auſpice than her ancient towers,
And leſs obnoxious to the Grecian powers.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my ſteps to Tiber's happy ſhore:
If ever I aſcend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own,
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live;
And both in acts of equal friendſhip ſtrive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, ſhall be the ſame,
The double Troy ſhall differ but in name:
That what we now begin, may never end;
But long, to late poſterity deſcend.
Near the Ceraunian rocks our courſe we bore
(The ſhorteſt paſſage to th' Italian ſhore).
Now had the ſun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in duſky ſhades of night,
We land: and, on the boſom of the ground,
A ſafe retreat and a bare lodging found;
Cloſe by the ſhore we lay; the ſailors keep
Their watches, and the reſt ſecurely ſleep.
The night, proceeding on with ſilent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her ſteepy riſe, and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus roſe, to ſpy
The face of heaven, and the nocturnal ſky;
And liſten'd every breath of air to try;

Obſervers

Obſerves the ſtars, and notes their ſliding courſe,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their watery force;
And both the bears is careful to behold;
And bright Orion arm'd with burniſh'd gold.
Then, when he ſaw no threatening tempeſt nigh,
But a ſure promiſe of a ſettled ſky;
He gave the ſign to weigh: we break our ſleep;
Forſake the pleaſing ſhore, and plow the deep.
And now the riſing morn, with roſy light,
Adorns the ſkies, and puts the ſtars to flight:
When we from far, like bluiſh miſts, deſcry
The hills, and then the plains of Italy.
Achates firſt pronounc'd the joyful ſound;
Then Italy the chearful crew rebound;
My ſire Anchiſes crown'd a cup with wine,
And offering, thus implor'd the powers divine:
Ye gods, preſiding over lands and ſeas,
And you who raging winds and waves appeaſe,
Breathe on our ſwelling ſails a proſperous wind,
And ſmooth our paſſage to the port aſſign'd.
The gentle gales their flagging force renew;
And now the happy harbour is in view.
Minerva's temple then ſalutes our ſight;
Plac'd as a land-mark, on the mountain's height;
We furl our ſails, and turn the prows to ſhore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar;
The land lies open to the raging eaſt,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compreſs'd,
Shuts out the ſtorms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.

The

The port lies hid within; on either ſide
Two towering rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To diſtance flies, and ſeems to ſhun the ſhore.
Scarce landed, the firſt omens I beheld
Were four white ſteeds that cropp'd the flowery field.
War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,
(My father cry'd) where warlike ſteeds are found.
Yet, ſince reclaim'd to chariots they ſubmit,
And bend to ſtubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may ſucceed to war. Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the ſacred hills aſcend.
There proſtrate to the fierce virago pray;
Whoſe temple was the land-mark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head;
And all commands of Helenus obey'd;
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
Theſe dues perform'd, we ſtretch our ſails, and ſtand
To ſea, forſaking that ſuſpected land.
From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view;
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Juſt oppoſite, Lacinian Juno ſtands:
Caulonian towers, and Scylacæan ſtrands
For ſhipwricks fear'd: Mount Ætna thence we ſpy,
Known by the ſmoky flames which cloud the ſky.
Far off we hear the waves with ſurly ſound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the ſounding ſtrand;
And roll the riſing tide, impure with ſand.

Then thus Anchiſes, in experience old,
'Tis that Charybdis which the ſeer foretold:
And thoſe the promis'd rocks; bear off to ſea:
With haſte the frighted mariners obey.
Firſt Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example ſteer'd.
To heaven aloft on ridgy waves we ride;
Then down to hell deſcend, when they divide.
And thrice our gallies knock'd the ſtony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the ſound,
And thrice we ſaw the ſtars, that ſtood with dews around.
The flagging winds forſook us with the ſun;
And, weary'd, on Cyclopean ſhores we run.
The port capacious, and ſecure from wind,
Is to the foot of thundering Ætna join'd.
By turns a pitchy cloud ſhe rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly;
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the ſky.
Oft from her bowels maſſy rocks are thrown,
And ſhiver'd by the force come piece-meal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning ſulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery ſprings that boil below.
Enceladus, they ſay, transfix'd by Jove,
With blaſted limbs came trembling from above:
And where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw:
As often as he turns his weary ſides,
He ſhakes the ſolid iſle, and ſmoke the heavens hides.

In

In ſhady woods we paſs the tedious night,
Where bellowing ſounds and groans our ſouls affright;
Of which no cauſe is offer'd to the ſight.
For not one ſtar was kindled in the ſky;
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light ſupply:
For miſty clouds involv'd the firmament;
The ſtars were muffled, and the moon was pent.
Scarce had the riſing ſun the day reveal'd;
Scarce had his heat the pearly-dews diſpell'd;
When from the woods there bolts, before our ſight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a ſpright.
So thin, ſo ghaſtly meagre, and ſo wan,
So bare of fleſh, he ſcarce reſembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, ſeem'd from far t'implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the ſhore.
We look behind; then view his ſhaggy beard;
His cloaths were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his lim beſmear'd;
The reſt, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and ſuch indeed he was.
He caſt on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom ſoon for Trojans and for foes he knew:
Stood ſtill, and paus'd; thence all at once began
To ſtretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus, with tears and ſighs, for pity calls:
Now by the powers above, and what we ſhare
From nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence; I beg no more,
But bear me far from this unhappy ſhore!

'I

'Tis true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes beſieg'd th' imperial town;
For ſuch demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I ſue:
This only favour let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands:
I die content, to die by human hands.
He ſaid, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune paſt;
His preſent ſtate, his lineage, and his name;
Th' occaſion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchiſes rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, anſwer'd our demand:
From Ithaca my native ſoil I came
To Troy, and Achæmenides my name.
Me, my poor father with Ulyſſes ſent;
(Oh had I ſtay'd with poverty content!)
But, fearful for themſelves, my countrymen
Left me forſaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, though large, was dark; the diſmal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monſtrous hoſt, of more than human ſize,
Erects his head, and ſtares within the ſkies,
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of ſlaughter'd wretches are his food:
And for his wine he quaffs the ſtreaming blood.
Theſe eyes beheld, when with his ſpacious hand
He ſeiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;

Stretch'd on his back, he daſh'd againſt the ſtones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With ſpouting blood the purple pavement ſwims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.
Not unreveng'd, Ulyſſes bore their fate
Nor thoughtleſs of his own unhappy ſtate;
For, gorg'd with fleſh, and drunk with human wine,
While faſt aſleep the giant lay ſupine:
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigeſted foam, and morſels raw:
We pray, we caſt the lots, and then ſurround
The monſtrous body, ſtretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand:
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye
(For only one did the vaſt frame ſupply);
But that a globe ſo large, his front it fill'd,
Like the ſun's diſk, or like a Grecian ſhield.
The ſtroke ſucceeds; and down the pupil bends;
This vengeance follow'd for our ſlaughter'd friends.
But haſte, unhappy wretches, haſte to fly;
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely.
Such and ſo vaſt as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated iſland bears:
Like him, in caves they ſhut their woolly ſheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty ſtrides, they ſtalk from ſteep to ſteep.
And now three moons their ſharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus in woods and wilds, obſcure from view,

I drag

I drag my loathſome days with mortal fright;
And, in deſerted caverns, lodge by night.
Oft from the rocks a dreadful proſpect ſee
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thundering voice reſound;
And trampling feet that ſhake the ſolid ground.
Cornels and ſavage berries of the wood,
And roots and herbs, have been my meagre food.
While all around my longing eyes are caſt,
I ſaw your happy ſhips appear at laſt:
On thoſe I fix'd my hopes, to theſe I run,
'Tis all I aſk, this cruel race to ſhun:
What other death you pleaſe yourſelves, beſtow.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, on the mountain's brow,
We ſaw the giant-ſhepherd ſtalk before
His following flock, and leading to the ſhore.
A monſtrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of ſight,
His ſtaff a trunk of pine to guide his ſteps aright.
His ponderous whiſtle from his neck deſcends;
His woolly care their penſive lord attends:
This only ſolace his hard fortune ſends.
Soon as he reach'd the ſhore, and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the guttering blood he laves:
He gnaſh'd his teeth and groan'd; through ſeas he ſtrides,
And ſcarce the topmaſt billows touch his ſides.
Seiz'd with a ſudden fear, we run to ſea,
The cables cut, and ſilent haſte away:
The well-deſerving ſtranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.

The

The giant hearken'd to the daſhing ſound:
But when our veſſels out of reach he found,
He ſtrided onward; and in vain eſſay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durſt no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and ſeas; the billows fly,
Before the bellowing noiſe, to diſtant Italy.
The neighbouring Ætna trembling all around:
The winding caverns echo to the ſound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar;
And, ruſhing down the mountains, croud the ſhore.
We ſaw their ſtern diſtorted looks from far.
And one-ey'd glance, that vainly threat'ned war.
A dreadful council with their heads on high;
The miſty clouds about their foreheads fly:
Not yielding to the towering tree of Jove,
Or talleſt cypreſs of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds aſſail,
We tug at every oar, and hoiſt up every ſail;
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we ſtrive to ſhun
Charybdis' gulph, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either ſide appears;
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears:
For from Pelorus' point, the north aroſe,
And drove us back where ſwift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we paſs, and make our way
By Thapſus, and Megara's winding bay;
This paſſage Achæmenides had ſhown,
Tracing the courſe which he before had run.

Right

Right o'er againſt Plemmyrium's watery ſtrand
There lies an iſle, once call'd th' Ortygian land:
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a ſecret paſſage under ground:
By love to beauteous Arethuſa led,
And mingling here, they roll in the ſame ſacred bed.
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectreſs of the ſhore.
With proſperous gales we paſs the quiet ſounds
Of ſtill Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then doubling Cape Pachynus, we ſurvey
The rocky ſhore extended to the ſea.
The town of Camarine from far we ſee:
And fenny lake undrain'd by fates decree.
In ſight of the Geloan fields we paſs,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was:
Then Agragas with lofty ſummits crown'd;
Long for the race of warlike ſteeds renown'd:
We paſs'd Selinus, and the palmy land,
And widely ſhun the Lilybean ſtrand,
Unſafe, for ſecret rocks, and moving ſand.
At length on ſhore the weary fleet arriv'd:
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endleſs labours, often toſt
By raging ſtorms, and driven on every coaſt,
My dear, dear father, ſpent with age, I loſt.
Eaſe of my cares and ſolace of my pain,
Sav'd through a thouſand toils, but ſav'd in vain.
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greateſt and the worſt conceal'd.

And dire Celæno, whoſe foreboding ſkill
Denounc'd all elſe, was ſilent of this ill:
This my laſt labour was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your bleſt abode.
Thus, to the liſtening queen, the royal gueſt
His wandering courſe, and all his toils expreſs'd,
And here concluding, he retir'd to reſt.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Dido diſcovers to her ſiſter her paſſion for Æneas, and her thoughts of marrying him: ſhe prepares a hunting-match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus's conſent, raiſes a ſtorm, which ſeparates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the ſame cave, where their marriage is ſuppoſed to be compleated. Jupiter diſpatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage: Æneas ſecretly prepares for his voyage: Dido finds out his deſign; and, to put a ſtop to it, makes uſe of her own and her ſiſter's intreaties, and diſcovers all the variety of paſſions that are incident to a neglected lover: when nothing would prevail upon him, ſhe contrives her own death, with which this book concludes.

BUT anxious cares already ſeiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unſeen:

The hero's valour, acts, and birth, inſpire
Her ſoul with love, and fan the ſecret fire.
His words, his looks imprinted in her heart,
Improve the paſſion, and increaſe the ſmart.
Now when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy ſhadows, and reſtor'd the day,
Her ſiſter firſt with early care ſhe ſought,
And thus, in mournful accents, eas'd her thought:
My deareſt Anna, what new dreams affright
My labouring ſoul; what viſions of the night
Diſturb my quiet, and diſtract my breaſt
With ſtrange ideas of our Trojan gueſt?
His worth, his actions, and majeſtic air,
A man deſcended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind,
His birth is well aſſerted by his mind.
Then what he ſuffer'd, when by Fate betray'd,
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, ſo gracefully he ſpoke,
That, were I not reſolv'd againſt the yoke
Of hapleſs marriage, never to be curs'd
With ſecond love, ſo fatal was my firſt,
To this one error I might yield again:
For ſince Sichæus was untimely ſlain,
This only man is able to ſubvert
The fix'd foundations of my ſtubborn heart.
And, to confeſs my frailty, to my ſhame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the ſame,
Too like the ſparkles of my former flame.

But

But firſt, let yawning earth a paſſage rend,
And let me through the dark abyſs deſcend:
Firſt let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether ſky,
Condemn'd with ghoſts in endleſs night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave:
No; he who had my vows, ſhall ever have;
For whom I lov'd on earth, I worſhip in the grave.
She ſaid: the tears ran guſhing from her eyes,
And ſtopp'd her ſpeech. Her ſiſter thus replies:
O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath?
Condemn'd to waſte in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you theſe tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghoſt below?
I grant, that while your ſorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman and a queen
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To ſcorn Iärbas, and his love reject;
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight againſt a pleaſing flame?
This little ſpot of land, which heaven beſtows,
On every ſide is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Getulian cities here are ſpread around;
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waſte of thirſty land,
And there the Syrtes raiſe the moving ſand:
Barcæan troops beſiege the narrow ſhore,
And from the ſea Pygmalion threatens more.

Propitious heaven, and gracious Juno, lead
This wandering navy to your needful aid;
How will your empire ſpread, your city riſe
From ſuch an union, and with ſuch allies!
Implore the favour of the powers above,
And leave the conduct of the reſt to love.
Continue ſtill your hoſpitable way,
And ſtill invent occaſions of their ſtay;
Till ſtorms and winter winds ſhall ceaſe to threat,
And planks and oars repair their ſhatter'd fleet.
Theſe words, which from a friend and ſiſter came,
With eaſe reſolv'd the ſcruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inſpir'd with hope, the project they purſue;
On every altar ſacrifice renew:
A choſen ewe of two-years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day:
Preferring Juno's power: for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys.
The beauteous queen before her altar ſtands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.
A milk-white heifer ſhe with flowers adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And while the prieſts with prayer the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan ſmoke.
With hourly care the ſacrifice renews,
And anxiouſly the panting entrails views.
What prieſtly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!

A gentle fire ſhe feeds within her veins,
Where the ſoft god ſecure in ſilence reigns.
Sick with deſire, and ſeeking him ſhe loves,
From ſtreet to ſtreet the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful ſhepherd from the blind,
Wounds with a random ſhaft the careleſs hind,
Diſtracted with her pain ſhe flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and ſeeks the ſilent floods;
With fruitleſs care; for ſtill the fatal dart
Sticks in her ſide, and rankles in her heart.
And now ſhe leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidſt the buſy throng;
Diſplays her Tyrian wealth and riſing town,
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.
This pomp ſhe ſhows to tempt her wandering gueſt;
Her faltering tongue forbids to ſpeak the reſt.
When day declines, and feaſts renew the night,
Still on his face ſhe feeds her famiſh'd ſight:
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate:
He tells it o'er and o'er: but ſtill in vain;
For ſtill ſhe begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the ſpeaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic ſtory never ends.
Thus, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling ſtars to ſleep invite,
She laſt remains, when every gueſt is gone,
Sits on the bed he preſs'd, and ſighs alone;
Abſent, her abſent hero ſees and hears,
Or in her boſom young Aſcanius bears:

And ſeeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeneſs might be ſo beguil'd.
Mean time the riſing towers are at a ſtand;
No labours exerciſe the youthful band:
Nor uſe of arts nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfiniſh'd to the foe.
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height that ſeem'd to threat the ſky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love;
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no ſenſe of ſhame to be reclaim'd,
With ſoothing words to Venus ſhe begun:
High praiſes, endleſs honours you have won,
And mighty trophies with your worthy ſon:
Two gods a ſilly woman have undone.
Nor am I ignorant, you both ſuſpect
This riſing city, which my hands erect:
But ſhall celeſtial diſcord never ceaſe?
'Tis better ended in a laſting peace.
You ſtand poſſeſs'd of all your ſoul deſir'd;
Poor Dido, with conſuming love, is fir'd:
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join,
So Dido ſhall be yours, Æneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza ſhall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.

Then

Then Venus, who her hidden fraud deſcry'd,
(Which would the ſceptre of the world miſguide
To Libyan ſhores), thus artfully reply'd:
Who but a fool would wars with Juno chooſe,
And ſuch alliance and ſuch gifts refuſe?
If Fortune with our joint deſires comply:
The doubt is all from Jove, and Deſtiny;
Leſt he forbid with abſolute command,
To mix the people in one common land.
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,
In laſting leagues and ſure ſucceſſion join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wiſhes are your own.
Mine, ſaid imperial Juno, be the care;
Time urges now to perfect this affair:
Attend my counſel, and the ſecret ſhare.
When next the ſun his riſing light diſplays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays;
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,
Shall to the ſhady woods, for ſylvan game, reſort.
There, while the huntſmen pitch their toils around,
And chearful horns, from ſide to ſide, reſound,
A pitchy cloud ſhall cover all the plain
With hail and thunder, and tempeſtuous rain:
The fearful train ſhall take their ſpeedy flight,
Diſpers'd, and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful ſhelter ſhall afford
To the fair princeſs and the Trojan lord.
I will myſelf the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bleſs the nuptials, will be there:

So

So ſhall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen ſhall be preſent at the rites.
The queen of love conſents, and cloſely ſmiles
At her vain project, and diſcover'd wiles.
The roſy morn was riſen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They iſſue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntſmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beſide the force
Of Spartan dogs, and ſwift Maſſylian horſe.
The Tyrian peers and officers of ſtate
For the ſlow queen in anti-chambers wait:
Her lofty courſer in the court below
(Who his majeſtic rider ſeems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and ſpreads the f
around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order ſtand.
A flower'd cymarr, with golden fringe ſhe wore;
And at her back a golden quiver bore:
Her flowing hair a golden caul reſtrains;
A golden claſp the Tyrian robe ſuſtains.
Then young Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chace.
But far above the reſt in beauty ſhines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins:
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the froſt
Of wintery Xanthus, and the Lycian coaſt:

When to his native Delos he reſorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the ſports:
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands.
Himſelf, on Cynthus walking, ſees below
The merry madneſs of the ſacred ſhow.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair incloſe;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver ſounds: not leſs the prince is ſeen
In manly preſence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and ſtorm'd the ſeat
Of ſavage beaſts, in dens, their laſt retreat:
The cry purſues the mountain-goats; they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwiſe the ſtags, a trembling train,
In herds unſingled, ſcour the duſty plain;
And a long chace, in open view, maintain.
The glad Aſcanius, as his courſer guides,
Spurs through the vale, and theſe and thoſe outrides.
His horſe's flanks and ſides are forc'd to feel
The clanking laſh, and goring of the ſteel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wiſhing ſome nobler beaſt to croſs his way;
And rather would the tuſky boar attend,
Or ſee the tawny lion downward bend.

Mean time the gathering clouds obſcure the ſkies;
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunder rolls: and Juno pours
A wintery deluge down, and ſounding ſhowers.

The

The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire;
Mad with despair, impatient with desire.
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with prayers implor'd his sire divine:
Great Jove, propitious to the Mooriſh race,
Who feast on painted beds, with offerings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy power divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine;
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance,
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wandering woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough.
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a baniſh'd Trojan to her bed:
And now this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess;
Their locks with oil perform'd, their Libyan dress:)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name.
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty thunderer heard,

Then

Millions of opening mouths to fame belong;
And every mouth is furniſh'd with a tongue:
And round with liſtening ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful univerſe with cries;
No ſlumbers ever cloſe her wakeful eyes.
By day from lofty towers her head ſhe ſhews:
And ſpreads, through trembling crouds, diſaſtrous news.
With court-informers haunts, and royal ſpies,
This done relates, nor done ſhe feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her buſineſs; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cauſe affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name;
Who, loſt to honour, and the ſenſe of ſhame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wandering gueſt, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him ſhe paſſes in delights;
And waſtes in luxury long winter nights.
Forgetful of her fame, and royal truſt;
Diſſolv'd in eaſe, abandon'd to her luſt.
The goddeſs widely ſpreads the loud report;
And flies at length to king Hiarba's court.
When firſt poſſeſs'd with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and gods accuſe?
This prince, from raviſh'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with ſpoils adorn,
In Ammon's honour, his celeſtial fire,
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And through his vaſt dominions prieſts ordain'd,
Whoſe watchful care theſe holy rites maintain'd.

The

And whether o'er the ſeas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the ſkies.
But firſt he graſps, within his awful hand,
The mark of ſovereign power, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghoſts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he ſeals in ſleep the wakeful ſight;
And eyes, though clos'd in death, reſtores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid ſpace.
Now ſees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whoſe brawny back ſupports the ſtarry ſkies;
Atlas, whoſe head, with piny foreſts crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapours bound.
Snows hide his ſhoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling ſtreams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breaſt depends:
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god deſcends:
Then, reſted thus, he from the towering height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight:
Lights on the ſeas, and ſkims along the flood:
As water-fowl, who ſeek their fiſhy food,
Leſs, and yet leſs, to diſtant proſpect ſhow,
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like theſe, the ſteerage of his wings he plies,
And near the ſurface of the water flies:
Till, having paſs'd the ſeas, and croſs'd the ſands,
He clos'd his wings, and ſtoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where ſhepherds once were hous'd in homely ſheds,
Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.

Arriving

Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raiſing for the town's defence:
A purple ſcarf, with gold embroider'd o'er
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waſte he wore;
A ſword with glittering gems diverſify'd,
For ornament, not uſe, hung idly by his ſide.
Then thus, with winged words, the god began
(Reſuming his own ſhape): Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'ſt thou here,
Theſe foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear?
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who ſways the world below, and heaven above,
Has ſent me down, with this ſevere command:
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind ſo mean,
Nor future praiſe, from flitting pleaſure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy riſing heir;
The promis'd crown let young Aſcanius wear;
To whom th' Auſonian ſceptre and the ſtate
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate.
So ſpoke the god; and ſpeaking took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vaniſh'd out of ſight.
The pious prince was ſeiz'd with ſudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright ſtood his hair;
Revolving in his mind the ſtern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What ſhould he ſay, or how ſhould he begin,
What courſe, alas! remains, to ſteer between
Th' offended lover, and the powerful queen!

This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find:
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means;
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ſhip their men with ſilent care:
Some plauſible pretence he bids them find,
To colour what in ſecret he deſign'd.
Himſelf, meantime, the ſofteſt hours would chooſe,
Before the love-ſick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by ſlow degrees,
To ſuffer what the ſovereign power decrees:
Jove will inſpire him, when, and what to ſay.
They hear with pleaſure, and with haſte obey.
But ſoon the queen perceives the thin diſguiſe:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the firſt to find the ſecret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad,
Love, the firſt motions of the lover hears,
Quick to preſage, and ev'n in ſafety fears.
Nor impious fame was wanting, to report
The ſhips repair'd; the Trojans thick reſort,
And purpoſe to forſake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, ſhe roves the city round:
Leſs wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and ſhake the wreathy ſpear.
At length ſhe finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuſe, and thus began:

Baſe

Baſe and ungrateful, could you hope to fly,
And undiſcover'd 'ſcape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindneſs your compaſſion move,
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a deſpairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreſeen?
Ev'n when the wintery winds command your ſtay,
You dare the tempeſt, and defy the ſea.
Falſe as you are, ſuppoſe you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coaſts to ſound;
Were Troy reſtor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durſt you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly; am I the foe you ſhun?
Now, by thoſe holy vows ſo late begun,
By this right hand (ſince I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),
I beg you by theſe tears too truly ſhed,
By the new pleaſures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you moſt were kind,
Were pleaſing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By theſe my prayers, if prayers may yet have place;
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate;
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian ſtate;
For you alone I ſuffer in my fame;
Bereft of honour, and expos'd to ſhame:
Whom have I now to truſt? (ungrateful gueſt!
That only name remains of all the reſt!)
What have I left, or whither can I fly;
Muſt I attend Pygmalion's cruelty?

Or till Hiarbas ſhall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly ſcorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at leaſt, your haſty flight,
And left behind ſome pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bleſs the mother's mournful ſight;
Some young Æneas to ſupply your place;
Whoſe features might expreſs his father's face;
I ſhould not then complain, to live bereft
Of all my huſband, or be wholly left!
Here paus'd the queen; unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor ſuffer'd love to riſe,
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
Fair queen, you never can enough repeat,
Your boundleſs favours, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inſpires this mortal frame.
This only let me ſpeak in my defence;
I never hop'd a ſecret flight from hence:
Much leſs pretended to the lawful claim
Of ſacred nuptials, or a huſband's name.
For if indulgent heaven would leave me free,
And not ſubmit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan ſhore,
Thoſe relics to review, their duſt adore;
And Priam's ruin'd palace to reſtore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I ſteer,
And all my vows are terminated there.

If

If you, a Tyrian, and a ſtranger born,
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn;
Why may not we, like you a foreign race,
Like you ſeek ſhelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obſcures the ſkies
With humid ſhades, or twinkling ſtars ariſe,
Anchiſes' angry ghoſt in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my ſoul with fears;
And young Aſcanius juſtly may complain,
Of his defrauded fate, and deſtin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd,
Waking I ſaw him, and his meſſage heard.
From Jove he came commiſſion'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifeſt to ſight.
The ſender and the ſent, I both atteſt,
Theſe walls he enter'd, and thoſe words expreſs'd:
Fair queen, oppoſe not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land.
Thus while he ſpoke, already ſhe began,
With ſparkling eyes, to view the guilty man:
From head to foot ſurvey'd his perſon o'er,
Nor longer theſe outrageous threats forbore:
Falſe as thou art, and more than falſe, forſworn;
Not ſprung from noble blood, nor goddeſs-born,
But hewn from hard'ned entrails of a rock;
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee ſuck.
Why ſhould I fawn? what have I worſe to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a liſtening ear;
Sigh'd when I ſobb'd, or ſhed one kindly tear?

All ſymptoms of a baſe ungrateful mind,
So foul, that which is worſe, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injuſtice, why ſhould I complain?
The gods, and Jove himſelf, behold in vain
Triumphant treaſon, yet no thunder flies:
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithleſs is earth, and faithleſs are the ſkies!
Juſtice is fled, and truth is now no more;
I ſav'd the ſhipwreck'd exile on my ſhore:
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed:
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was!—'tis little to repeat
The reſt, I ſtor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads!
And makes heaven acceſſary to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful ſtate
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate!
But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
Go ſeek thy promis'd kingdom through the main:
Yet, if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
The faithleſs waves, not half ſo falſe as thou,
Or ſecret ſands, ſhall ſepulchres afford
To thy proud veſſels and their perjur'd lord.
Then ſhalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido ſhall come, in a black ſulphury flame;
When death has once diſſolv'd her mortal frame:

Shall

Shall ſmile to ſee the traitor vainly weep;
Her angry ghoſt, ariſing from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and diſturb thy ſleep.
At leaſt my ſhade thy puniſhment ſhall know;
And fame ſhall ſpread the pleaſing news below.
Abruptly here ſhe ſtops: then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and ſhuns the ſight of day.
Amaz'd he ſtood, revolving in his mind
What ſpeech to frame, and what excuſe to find.
Her fearful maids their fainting miſtreſs led;
And ſoftly laid her on her ivory bed.
But good Æneas, though he much deſir'd
To give that pity, which her grief requir'd,
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his love,
Reſolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove:
Reviews his forces; they with early care
Unmoor their veſſels, and for ſea prepare.
The fleet is ſoon afloat, in all its pride:
And well-caulk'd gallies in the harbour ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they ſtood,
Of its green arms deſpoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight: the beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the ſhore:
On every ſide are ſeen, deſcending down,
Thick ſwarms of ſoldiers loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.

The ſable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:
Some ſet their ſhoulders on the ponderous grain;
Some guard the ſpoil; ſome laſh the lagging train;
All ply their ſeveral taſks, and equal toil ſuſtain.
What pangs the tender breaſt of Dido tore,
When, from the tower, ſhe ſaw the cover'd ſhore;
And heard the ſhouts of ſailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!
All-powerful love, what changes canſt thou cauſe
In human hearts, ſubjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty ſoul the tyrant bends;
To prayers and mean ſubmiſſions ſhe deſcends.
No female arts or aids ſhe left untry'd,
Nor counſels unexplor'd, before ſhe dy'd.
Look, Anna, look; the Trojans croud to ſea:
They ſpread their canvaſs, and their anchors weigh:
The ſhouting crew, their ſhips with garlands bind,
Invoke the ſea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threatening blow ſo near,
My tender ſoul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my laſt requeſt deny,
With yon perfidious man your intereſt try;
And bring me news, if I muſt live or die.
You are his favourite, you alone can find
The dark receſſes of his inmoſt mind:
In all his truſty ſecrets you have part,
And know the ſoft approaches to his heart.
Haſte then, and humbly ſeek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go;

Nor

Nor did my fleet againſt his friends employ,
Nor ſwore the ruin of unhappy Troy;
Nor mov'd with hands prophane his father's duſt;
Why ſhould he then reject a ſuit ſo juſt!
Whom does he ſhun, and whither would he fly?
Can he this laſt, this only prayer deny!
Let him at leaſt his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer ſea.
The nuptials he diſclaims, I urge no more;
Let him purſue the promis'd Latian ſhore.
A ſhort delay is all I aſk him now,
A pauſe of grief, an interval from woe:
Till my ſoft ſoul be temper'd to ſuſtain
Accuſtom'd ſorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one requeſt,
My death ſhall glut the hatred of his breaſt.
This mournful meſſage pious Anna bears,
And ſeconds, with her own, her ſiſter's tears:
But all her arts are ſtill employ'd in vain;
Again ſhe comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings move;
Fate, and the god, had ſtopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Juſtling from every quarter of the ſky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they ſhatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling maſt they ſpread the ground,
The hollow valleys echo to the ſound;
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, ſhaken, clings more cloſely to the rocks:

Far as he ſhoots his towering head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie:
No leſs a ſtorm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick meſſages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandy'd words ſtill beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans and tears, proclaim his inward pair
But the firm purpoſe of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, purſued by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,
And loaths to live: then dire portents ſhe ſees,
To haſten-on the death her ſoul decrees;
Strange to relate: for when, before the ſhrine,
She pours, in ſacrifice, the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire preſage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her ſiſter, ſhe conceal'd.
A marble temple ſtood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honour'd chapel ſhe had hung around
With ſnowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when ſhe viſited this lonely dome,
Strange voices iſſued from her huſband's tomb:
She thought ſhe heard him ſummon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her ſtay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when, with a boding note,
The ſolitary ſcreech-owl ſtrains her throat:
And on a chimney's top, or turret's height,
With ſongs obſcene diſturbs the ſilence of the night.

Beſi

Beſides, old prophecies augment her fears,
And ſtern Æneas in her dreams appears
Diſdainful as by day: ſhe ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep, through ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark: or, in a deſert plain,
To ſeek her ſubjects, and to ſeek in vain.
Like Pentheus, when, diſtracted with his fear,
He ſaw two ſuns, and double Thebes appear:
Or mad Oreſtes, when his mother's ghoſt
Full in his face infernal torches toſs'd;
And ſhook her ſnaky locks: he ſhuns the fight,
Flies o'er the ſtage, ſurpriz'd with mortal fright;
The furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, ſinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone ſhe ſeeks her laſt relief:
The time and means reſolv'd within her breaſt,
She to her mournful ſiſter thus addreſs'd
(Diſſembling hope, her cloudy front ſhe clears,
And a falſe vigour in her eyes appears):
Rejoice, ſhe ſaid, inſtructed from above,
My lover I ſhall gain, or loſe my love.
Nigh riſing Atlas, next the falling ſun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Maſſylian princeſs I have found,
Honour'd for age, for magic arts renown'd;
Th' Heſperian temple was her truſted care;
'Twas ſhe ſupply'd the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-ſeeds in honey taught to ſteep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and ſooth'd him into ſleep.

She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind.
She ſtops the torrents, leaves the channel dry;
Repels the ſtars, and backward bears the ſky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghoſts aſcend, and mountain aſhes fall.
Witneſs, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the ſecret court, with ſilent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang on the topmaſt part the Trojan veſt,
Spoils, arms and preſents of my faithleſs gueſt.
Next, under theſe, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire,
For ſo the prieſteſs and her charms require.
Thus far ſhe ſaid, and farther ſpeech forbears;
A mortal paleneſs in her face appears:
Yet the miſtruſtleſs Anna could not find
The ſecret funeral in theſe rites deſign'd,
Nor thought ſo dire a rage poſſeſs'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd ſo well,
She fear'd no worſe than when Sichæus fell:
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear
Within the ſecret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high;
And garlands on the hollow ſpaces lie.
Sad cypreſs, vervain, eugh, compoſe the wreath,
And every baleful green denoting death.

The

The queen, determin'd to thẽ fatal deed,
The ſpoils and ſword he left, in order ſpread:
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the ſacred altars plac'd around)
The prieſteſs enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, ſhe proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next ſhe ſprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground:
Culls hoary ſimples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen ſickles reap'd at noon of night.
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal;
Robbing the mother's love. The deſtin'd queen
Obſerves, aſſiſting at the rites obſcene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the higheſt altar ſtands:
One tender foot was ſhod, her other bare,
Girt was her gather'd gown, and looſe her hair.
Thus dreſs'd, ſhe ſummon'd, with her dying breath,
The heavens and planets, conſcious of her death;
And every power, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies cloſe
Their eyes in balmy ſleep and ſoft repoſe:
The winds no longer whiſper through the woods,
Nor murmuring tides diſturb the gentle floods.

The

The ſtars in ſilent order mov'd around,
And peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds, and particolour'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or ſwim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth ſecurely lay,
Forgetting the paſt labours of the day.
All elſe of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor ſleep nor eaſe the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Deſpair, and rage, and love, divide her heart:
Deſpair and rage had ſome, but love the greater part.
Then thus ſhe ſaid within her ſecret mind:
What ſhall I do; what ſuccour can I find?
Become a ſuppliant to Hiarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be deny'd!
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forſake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himſelf I refug'd, and his train reliev'd;
'Tis true: but am I ſure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan ſouls have place?
Laomedon ſtill lives in all his race!
Then, ſhall I ſeek alone the churliſh crew,
And with my fleet their flying ſails purſue?
What force have I but thoſe, whom ſcarce before
I drew reluctant from their native ſhore?
Will they again embark at my deſire,
Once more ſuſtain the ſeas, and quit their ſecond Tyre?

Rather with ſteel thy guilty breaſt invade,
And take the fortune thou thyſelf haſt made.
Your pity, ſiſter, firſt ſeduc'd my mind;
Or ſeconded too well what I deſign'd.
Theſe dear-bought pleaſures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and ſtill my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found deſpair:
But ſhar'd, with ſavage beaſts, the common air;
Like them a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor diſturb'd the dead.
Theſe thoughts ſhe brooded in her anxious breaſt;
On board, the Trojan found more eaſy reſt.
Reſolv'd to ſail, in ſleep he paſs'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears:
His former youthful mien and ſhape he wears,
And, with this new alarm, invades his ears:
Sleep'ſt thou, O goddeſs-born! and canſt thou drown
Thy needful cares, ſo near a hoſtile town,
Beſet with foes? nor hear'ſt the weſtern gales
Invite thy paſſage, and inſpire thy ſails?
She harbours in her heart a furious hate;
And thou ſhalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obſtinate to die:
Haſte ſwiftly hence, while thou haſt power to fly.
The ſea with ſhips will ſoon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the ſhore.
Prevent her rage, while night obſcures the ſkies;
And fail before the purple morn ariſe.

Who

Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,
Aloft in air unſeen; and mix'd with night.
Twice warn'd by the celeſtial meſſenger,
The pious prince aroſe with haſty fear:
Then rouz'd his drowſy train without delay,
Haſte to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh;
And ſpread your flying ſails, and ſtand to ſea.
A god commands; he ſtood before my ſight;
And urg'd us once again to ſpeedy flight.
O ſacred power, what power ſoe'er thou art,
To thy bleſs'd orders I reſign my heart:
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And proſper the deſign thy will commands.
He ſaid, and, drawing forth his flaming ſword,
His thundering arm divides the many-twiſted cord:
An emulating zeal inſpires his train;
They run, they ſnatch; they ruſh into the main.
With headlong haſte they leave the deſert ſhores,
And bruſh the liquid ſeas with labouring oars.
Aurora now had left her ſaffron bed,
And beams of early light the heavens o'erſpread,
When from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the roſy ſkies:
She look'd to ſeaward, but the ſea was void,
And ſcarce in ken the ſailing ſhips deſcry'd:
Stung with deſpight, and furious with deſpair,
She ſtruck her trembling breaſt, and tore her hair.

And

And ſhall th' ungrateful traitor go, ſhe ſaid,
My land forſaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm, not ruſh from every ſtreet,
To follow, ſink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?
Haſte; haul my gallies out; purſue the foe:
Bring flaming brands; ſet ſail, and ſwiftly row.
What have I ſaid? Where am I? Fury turns
My brain, and my diſtemper'd boſom burns.
Then, when I gave my perſon and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely ſhown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, ruſhing through the flame,
Preſerv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian ſhore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I ſhould have torn him piece-meal; ſtrow'd in floods
His ſcatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods:
Deſtroy'd his friends and ſon; and, from the fire,
Have ſet the reeking boy before the ſire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait;
Yet where's the doubt to ſouls ſecure of fate!
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toſs'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguiſh'd all the faithleſs name;
And I myſelf, in vengeance of my ſhame,
Had fall'n upon the pile to mend the funeral flame.
Thou ſun, who view'ſt at once the world below,
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow,
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes;
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods,

All powers invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curſes, and avenge her death.
If ſo the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch ſhould find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppoſe;
Oppreſs'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men diſcourag'd, and himſelf expell'd;
Let him for ſuccour ſue from place to place,
Torn from his ſubjects, and his ſon's embrace:
Firſt let him ſee his friends in battle ſlain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when, at length, the cruel war ſhall ceaſe,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace.
Nor let him then enjoy ſupreme command,
But fall untimely by ſome hoſtile hand,
And lie unbury'd on the barren ſand.
Theſe are my prayers, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, every curſe fulfil;
Perpetual hate, and mortal wars proclaim
Againſt the prince, the people, and the name.
Theſe grateful offerings on my grave beſtow,
Nor league, nor love, the hoſtile nations know:
Now, and from hence in every future age,
When rage excites your arms, and ſtrength ſupplies the rage,
Riſe ſome avenger of our Libyan blood;
With fire and ſword purſue the perjur'd brood:
Our arms, our ſeas, our ſhores oppos'd to theirs,
And the ſame hate deſcend on all our heirs.

This

This ſaid, within her anxious mind ſhe weighs
The means of cutting ſhort her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurſe ſhe briefly ſaid
(For when ſhe left her country her's was dead),
Go, Barce, call my ſiſter; let her care
The ſolemn rites of ſacrifice prepare:
The ſheep, and all the atoning offerings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the cryſtal ſpring
With living drops: then let her come, and thou
With ſacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my diſaſtrous love.
Then caſt the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my paſſion ſhall expire.
The nurſe moves onward, with officious care,
And all the ſpeed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty miſchief ſhe reſolv'd.
With livid ſpots diſtinguiſh'd was her face,
Red were her rolling eyes, and diſcompos'd her pace:
Ghaſtly ſhe gaz'd, with pain ſhe drew her breath,
And nature ſhiver'd at approaching death.
Then ſwiftly to the fatal place ſhe paſs'd,
And mounts the funeral pile, with furious haſte:
Unſheaths the ſword the Trojan left behind
(Not for ſo dire an enterprize deſign'd).
But when ſhe view'd the garments looſely ſpread,
Which once he wore, and ſaw the conſcious bed,

She paus'd, and, with a ſigh, the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body caſt,
Repreſs'd the ready tears, and ſpoke her laſt:
Dear pledges of my love, while heaven ſo pleas'd,
Receive a ſoul, of mortal anguiſh eas'd:
My fatal courſe is finiſh'd, and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghoſts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion puniſh'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the falſe Trojan never touch'd my ſhore?
Then kiſs'd the couch; and muſt I die, ſhe ſaid,
And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleaſure I receive;
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
Theſe flames from far may the falſe Trojan view;
Theſe boding omens his baſe flight purſue.
She ſaid, and ſtruck. Deep enter'd in her ſide
The piercing ſteel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clog'd in the wound the cruel weapon ſtands;
The ſpouting blood came ſtreaming on her hands.
Her ſad attendants ſaw the deadly ſtroke,
And, with loud cries, the ſounding palace ſhook.
Diſtracted from the fatal ſight they fled,
And through the town the diſmal rumour ſpread.
Firſt from the frighted court the yell began,
Redoubled thence from houſe to houſe it ran:
The groans of men, with ſhrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted ſkies.

Not

Not leſs the clamour, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, ſet by foes on fire,
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her ſiſter hears, and, furious with deſpair,
She beats her breaſt, and rends her yellow hair:
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathleſs to the place, and breaks the crowd.
Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
Theſe fires, this funeral pile, theſe altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd, ſaid ſhe,
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worſt? Didſt thou in death pretend
To ſcorn thy ſiſter, or delude thy friend?
Thy ſummon'd ſiſter, and thy friend, had come;
One ſword had ſerv'd us both, one common tomb.
Was I to raiſe the pile, the powers invoke,
Not to be preſent at the fatal ſtroke?
At once thou haſt deſtroy'd thyſelf and me;
Thy town, thy ſenate, and thy colony!
Bring water, bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay cloſe my lips to her's, and catch the flying breath.
This ſaid, ſhe mounts the pile with eager haſte,
And in her arms the gaſping queen embrac'd:
Her temples chaf'd, and her own garments tore,
To ſtaunch the ſtreaming blood, and cleanſe the gore.
Thrice Dido try'd to raiſe her drooping head,
And fainting thrice, fell groveling on the bed.

Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and ſaw the light,
But, having found it, ſicken'd at the ſight,
And clos'd her lids at laſt in endleſs night.
Then Juno, grieving that ſhe ſhould ſuſtain
A death ſo lingering, and ſo full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the ſtrife
Of labouring nature, and diſſolve her life.
For, ſince ſhe dy'd, not doom'd by heaven's decree,
Or her own crime, but human caſualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in deſpair,
The ſiſters had not cut the topmoſt hair,
Which Proſerpine and they can only know,
Nor made her ſacred to the ſhades below.
Downward the various goddeſs took her flight,
And drew a thouſand colours from the light:
Then ſtood above the dying lover's head,
And ſaid, I thus devote thee to the dead.
This offering to th' infernal gods I bear:
Thus while ſhe ſpoke ſhe cut the fatal hair:
The ſtruggling ſoul was loos'd, and life diſſolv'd in air.

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Æneas, ſetting ſail from Afric, is driven, by a ſtorm, on the coaſt of Sicily: where he is hoſpitably received by his friend Aceſtes, king of part of the iſland, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himſelf to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours: and accordingly inſtitutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for thoſe who ſhould conquer in them. While the ceremonies were performing, Juno ſends Iris to perſuade the Trojan women to burn the ſhips; who, upon her inſtigation, ſet fire to them, which burnt four, and would have conſumed the reſt, had not Jupiter, by a miraculous ſhower, extinguiſhed it. Upon this Æneas, by the advice of one of his generals, and a viſion of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and ſails for Italy: Venus procures of Neptune a ſafe voyage for

him and all his men, excepting only his pilot Palinurus, who was unfortunately loſt.

MEANTIME the Trojan cuts his watery way,
Fix'd on his voyage through the curling ſea:
Then, caſting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees, on the Punic ſhore, the mounting blaze.
The cauſe unknown; yet his preſaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd:
He knew the ſtormy ſouls of woman-kind,
What ſecret ſprings their eager paſſions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw,
Till neither fires nor ſhining ſhores they ſaw.
Now ſeas and ſkies their proſpect only bound,
An empty ſpace above, a floating field around.
But ſoon the heavens with ſhadows were o'erſpread;
A ſwelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threatening of a ſtorm;
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cry'd aloud,
What guſts of weather from that gathering cloud
My thoughts preſage! Ere yet the tempeſt roars
Stand to your tackle, mates, and ſtretch your oars;
Contract your ſwelling ſails, and luff to wind:
The frighted crew perform the taſk aſſign'd.
Then, to his fearleſs chief, Not heaven, ſaid he,
Though Jove himſelf ſhould promiſe Italy,
Can ſtem the torrent of this raging ſea!

Mark

Mark how the ſhifting winds from weſt ariſe,
And what collected night involves the ſkies!
Nor can our ſhaken veſſels live at ſea;
Much leſs againſt the tempeſt force their way;
'Tis fate diverts our courſe, and fate we muſt obey.
Not far from hence, if I obſerv'd aright
The ſouthing of the ſtars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies; whoſe hoſpitable ſhores
In ſafety we may reach with ſtruggling oars.
Æneas then reply'd, Too ſure I find,
We ſtrive in vain againſt the ſeas and wind:
Now ſhift your ſails: what place can pleaſe me more
Than what you promiſe, the Sicilian ſhore;
Whoſe hallow'd earth Anchiſes' bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns!
The courſe reſolv'd, before the weſtern wind
They ſcud amain, and make the port aſſign'd.
Meantime Aceſtes, from a lofty ſtand,
Beheld the fleet deſcending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a ſtrict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the ſpoils he wore;
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His ſire Criniſius, a Sicilian flood;
He welcomes his returning friends aſhore
With plenteous country cates, and homely ſtore.
Now, when the following morn had chac'd away
The flying ſtars, and light reſtor'd the day,

Æneas

Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,
And thus beſpoke them from a riſing ground:
Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race,
The ſun revolving through th' ethereal ſpace,
The ſhining circle of the year has fill'd,
Since firſt this iſle my father's aſhes held:
And now the riſing day renews the year
(A day for ever ſad, for ever dear).
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil'd, and holy flames,
Though baniſh'd to Getulia's barren ſands,
Caught on the Grecian ſeas, or hoſtile lands:
But ſince this happy ſtorm our fleet has driven
(Not, as I deem, without the will of heaven)
Upon theſe friendly ſhores and flowery plains,
Which hide Anchiſes, and his bleſt remains,
Let us with joy perform his honours due,
And pray for proſperous winds, our voyage to renew.
Pray, that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchiſes may be known,
And yearly games may ſpread the god's renown.
Our ſports, Aceſtes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two ſteers on every ſhip the king beſtows;
His gods and ours ſhall ſhare your equal vows.
Beſides, if nine days hence, the roſy morn
Shall, with unclouded light, the ſkies adorn,
That day with ſolemn ſports I mean to grace:
Light gallies on the ſeas ſhall run a watery race.

Some

ne ſhall in ſwiftneſs for the goal contend,
d others try the twanging bow to bend:
e ſtrong with iron gauntlets arm'd ſhall ſtand,
oos'd in combat on the yellow ſand.
all be preſent at the games prepar'd,
d joyful victors wait the juſt reward.
now aſſiſt the rites, with garlands crown'd;
ſaid, and firſt his brows with myrtle bound.
n Helymus, by his example led,
d old Aceſtes, each adorn'd his head;
s young Aſcanius, with a ſprightly grace,
temples ty'd, and all the Trojan race.
Eneas then advanc'd amidſt the train,
thouſands follow'd through the flowery plain,
great Anchiſes' tomb: which, when he found,
pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
o bowls of ſparkling wine, of milk two more,
d two from offer'd bulls of purple gore.
th roſes then the ſepulchre he ſtrow'd;
d thus his father's ghoſt beſpoke aloud:
. O ye holy manes! hail again
ral aſhes, now review'd in vain!
e gods permitted not that you, with me,
uld reach the promis'd ſhores of Italy;
Tyber's flood, what flood ſoe'er it be,
e had he finiſh'd, when, with ſpeckl
ſerpent from the tomb began to gliſe;
is large bulk on ſeven high volumes ro
ſo wide his breadth of back, but ſtreak
gold:

Thus, riding on his curls, he ſeem'd to paſs
A rolling fire along, and ſinge the graſs.
More various colours through his body run,
Than Iris, when her bow imbibes the ſun:
Betwixt the riſing altars, and around,
The ſacred monſter ſhot along the ground;
With harmleſs play amidſt the bowls he paſs'd,
And, with his lolling tongue, aſſay'd the taſte:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous gueſt
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to reſt.
The pious prince, ſurpriz'd at what he view'd,
The funeral honours with more zeal renew'd;
Doubtful if this the place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's ſepulchre.
Five ſheep, according to the rites, he ſlew,
As many ſwine, and ſteers of ſable hue;
Now generous wine he from the goblets pour'd,
And call'd his father's ghoſt, from hell reſtor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Offering their gifts at great Anchiſes' tomb;
Some add more oxen; ſome divide the ſpoil;
Some place the chargers on the graſſy ſoil;
Some blow the fires, and offer'd entrails broil.
Now came the day deſir'd: the ſkies were bright
With roſy luſtre of the riſing light:
The bordering people, rouz'd by ſounding fame
Of Trojan feaſts, and great Aceſtes' name,
The crowded ſhore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their ſkill.

And

And firſt the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm (the victor's grace):
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold, and ſilver heap'd on high,
And veſts embroider'd of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feaſt proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four gallies firſt, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the watery liſts appear.
The ſpeedy Dolphin, that outſtrips the wind,
Bore Mneſtheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vaſt Chimæra's bulk commands,
Which riſing like a towering city ſtands:
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the ſailors bore;
Beneath their ſturdy ſtrokes the billows roar.
Sergeſthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place:
Cloanthus on the ſea-green Scylla ſtood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.
Far in the ſea, againſt the foaming ſhore,
There ſtands a rock; the raging billows roar
Above his head in ſtorms; but, when 'tis clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie baſking in the ſun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in ſight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the ſeamen ſtretch their oars;
Then round the rock they ſteer, and ſeek the former
ſhores.

The

The lots decide their place: above the reſt,
Each leader ſhining in his Tyrian veſt:
The common crew, with wreaths of poplar boughs,
Their temples crown, and ſhade their ſweaty brows.
Beſmear'd with oil, their naked ſhoulders ſhine:
All take their ſeats, and wait the ſounding ſign.
They gripe their oars, and every panting breaſt
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depreſs'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the ſign;
At once they ſtart advancing in a line.
With ſhouts the ſailors rend the ſtarry ſkies;
Laſh'd with their oars, the ſmoky billows riſe;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal ſtrokes they row:
At once the bruſhing oars and brazen prow
Daſh up the ſandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery courſers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half ſo ſwift a pace.
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The ſounding laſh; and, ere the ſtroke deſcends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid, with eager ſhouts, the favour'd ſide.
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing ſound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.
Amidſt the loud applauſes of the ſhore,
Gyas outſtrip'd the reſt, and ſprung before;
Cloanthus, better mann'd, purſued him faſt;
But his o'er-maſted galley check'd his haſte.

The

The Centaur, and the Dolphin bruſh the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line:
And now the mighty Centaur ſeems to lead,
And now the ſpeedy Dolphin gets a-head:
Now board to board the rival veſſels row;
The billows lave the ſkies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark: proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode the victors of the main:
But ſteering round, he charg'd his pilot ſtand
More cloſe to ſhore, and ſkim along the ſand.
Let others bear to ſea. Menætes heard,
But ſecret ſhelves too cautiouſly he fear'd:
And, fearing, ſought the deep; and ſtill aloof he ſteer'd.
With louder cries the captain call'd again;
Bear to the rocky ſhore, and ſhun the main.
He ſpoke, and, ſpeaking at his ſtern, he ſaw
The bold Cloanthus near the ſhelvings draw:
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla ſtood,
And, in a cloſer compaſs, plow'd the flood:
He paſs'd the mark, and wheeling got before:
Gyas blaſphem'd the gods, devoutly ſwore,
Cry'd out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindleſs of others lives (ſo high was grown
His riſing rage) and careleſs of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,
And hoiſted up, and over-board he threw:
This done he ſeiz'd the helm, his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd ſhort upon the ſhelves, and madly ſteer'd.

Hardly

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his cloaths, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain;
The crowd, that ſaw him fall, and float again,
Shout from the diſtant ſhore, and loudly laugh'd,
To ſee his heaving breaſt diſgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vaniſh'd hopes of victory renew:
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark: Sergeſthus takes the place:
Mneſtheus purſues; and, while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind.
Then on the deck amidſt his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courages he chear'd:
My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;
Stretch to your ſtrokes, my ſtill-unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this, our common intereſt, let me find
That ſtrength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you ſtemm'd the ſtrong Malæan flood,
And o'er the Syrtes broken billows row'd.
I ſeek not now the foremoſt palm to gain;
Though yet—But ah, that haughty wiſh is vain!
Let thoſe enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be laſt, the lags of all the race,
Redeem yourſelves and me from that diſgrace.
Now one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full ſtretch, and ſhake the brazen prow.

The

The ſea beneath them ſinks: their labouring ſides
Are ſwell'd, and ſweat runs guttering down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd ſucceſs;
Sergeſthus, eager with his beak, to preſs
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts th' unweildy Centaur in the lock.
The veſſel ſtruck; and, with the dreadful ſhock,
Her oars ſhe ſhiver'd, and her head ſhe broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks ariſe,
And, anxious for themſelves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the ſhores;
And gather, from the ſea, their floating oars.
The crew of Mneſtheus, with elated minds,
Urge their ſucceſs, and call the willing winds:
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compaſs on the roomy ſea.
As when the dove her rocky hold forſakes,
Rouz'd in a fright, her ſounding wings ſhe ſhakes,
The cavern rings with clattering; out ſhe flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the ſkies;
At firſt ſhe flutters; but at length ſhe ſprings
To ſmoother flight, and ſhoots upon her wings;
So Mneſtheus in the Dolphin cuts the ſea,
And, flying with a force, that force aſſiſts his way.
Sergeſthus in the Centaur ſoon he paſs'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky ſhoals, and ſticking faſt.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practiſes to row with ſhatter'd oars.
Then Mneſtheus bears with Gyas, and out-flies:
The ſhip without a pilot yields the prize.

Unvanquiſh'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he purſues, and all his vigour ſtrains.
Shouts from the favouring multitude ariſe,
Applauding echo to the ſhouts replies;
Shouts, wiſhes, and applauſe, run rattling through the ſkies.
Theſe clamours with diſdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praiſe, but more the robb'd reward.
Reſolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace;
All obſtinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with ſucceſs, the Dolphin ſwiftly ran
(For they can conquer who believe they can):
Both urge their oars, and fortune both ſupplies,
And both perhaps had ſhar'd an equal prize:
When to the ſeas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And ſuccour from the watery powers demands:
Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row,
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Aſſiſt to make me guilty of my vow.
A ſnow-white bull ſhall on your ſhore be ſlain,
His offer'd entrails caſt into the main:
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
Your graceful gift and my return ſhall own.
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunes, with his breadth of hand,
Puſh'd on, and ſped the galley to the land.
Swift as a ſhaft, or winged wind, ſhe flies;
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald ſummons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
And three fat ſteers are to his veſſel led;
The ſhip's reward: with generous wine beſide,
And ſums of ſilver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
The victor honour'd with a nobler veſt:
Where gold and purple ſtrive in equal rows,
And needle-work it's happy coſt beſtows.
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chacing through Ida's groves the trembling hart;
Breathleſs he ſeems, yet eager to purſue:
When from aloft deſcends, in open view,
The bird of Jove; and, ſouſing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him ſoaring through the ſkies,
And dogs purſue his flight, with imitated cries.
Mneſtheus the ſecond victor was declar'd;
And ſummon'd there, the ſecond prize he ſhar'd:
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Æneas from his ſhoulders tore,
In ſingle combat on the Trojan ſhore.
This was ordain'd for Mneſtheus to poſſeſs,
In war for his defence; for ornament in peace:
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold;
But yet, ſo pondero with its plates of gold,

That ſcarce two ſervants could the weight ſuſtain,
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Purſued, and lightly ſeiz'd the Trojan train.
The third ſucceeding to the laſt reward,
Two goodly bowls of maſſy ſilver ſhar'd;
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two braſs cauldrons from Dodona brought.
Thus, all rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.
And now Sergeſthus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley ſhatter'd with the ſhock.
Forlorn ſhe look'd without an aiding oar,
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to ſhore.
As when a ſnake, ſurpriz'd upon the road,
Is cruſh'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground,
In vain, with leoſen'd curls, ſhe crawls along,
Yet fierce above, ſhe brandiſhes her tongue:
Glares with her eyes, and briſtles with her ſcales,
But, groveling in the duſt, her parts unſound ſhe trails!
So ſlowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But what ſhe wants in oars with ſails amends:
Yet, for his galley ſav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompenſe.
Pholoe, the Cretan ſlave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herſelf, with lovely twins, as fair.
From thence his way the Trojan hero bent,
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,

Whoſe

Whoſe ſides were ſhaded with ſurrounding wood:
Full in the midſt of this fair valley ſtood
A native theatre, which riſing ſlow,
By juſt degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a ſylvan throne the leader ſate,
A numerous train attend in ſolemn ſtate
Here thoſe, that in the rapid courſe delight,
Deſire of honour and the prize invite:
The rival runners without order ſtand,
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band.
Firſt Niſus with Euryalus appears,
Euryalus a boy of blooming years;
With ſprightly grace, and equal beauty crown'd:
Niſus, for friendſhip to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place:
But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth.
Then two Sicilian youths, the names of theſe
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes,
Both jolly huntſmen, both in foreſt bred,
And owning old Aceſtes for their head.
With ſeveral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.
To theſe the hero thus his thoughts explain'd:
In words, which general approbation gain'd:
One common largeſs is for all deſign'd;
The vanquiſh'd and the victor ſhall be join'd.
Two darts of poliſh'd ſteel and Gnoſian wood,
A ſilver-ſtudded ax alike beſtow'd.

The foremoſt three have olive wreaths decreed;
The firſt of theſe obtains a ſtately ſteed
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well ſupply'd;
A golden belt ſhall gird his manly ſide,
Which with a ſparkling diamond ſhall be ty'd:
The third this Grecian helmet ſhall content,
He ſaid: to their appointed baſe they went:
With beating hearts th' expected ſign receive,
And, ſtarting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And ſeiz'd the diſtant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, ſwift Niſus all o'er-paſs'd;
Nor ſtorms, nor thunder, equal half his haſte.
The next, but though the next yet far disjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores ply'd,
Step after ſtep, and almoſt ſide by ſide:
His ſhoulders preſſing, and in longer ſpace
Had won, or left at leaſt a dubious race.
Now ſpent, the goal they almoſt reach at laſt;
When eager Niſus, hapleſs in his haſte,
Slipp'd firſt, and, ſlipping, fell upon the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly ſlain:
The careleſs victor had not mark'd his way;
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and, on the graſſy floor,
He fell, beſmear'd with filth and holy gore.

Not

Not mindleſs then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the ſacred bonds of amity,
He ſtrove th' immediate rival's hope to croſs;
And caught the foot of Salius as he roſe:
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus ſprings out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquiſh'd by his friend.
Next Helymus, and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.
But Salius enters; and, exclaiming loud
For juſtice, deafens and diſturbs the crowd:
Urges his cauſe may in the court be heard;
And pleads, the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favour for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize;
Beſides, Diores fills the court with cries;
Who vainly reaches at the laſt reward,
If the firſt palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: Let no diſputes ariſe;
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At leaſt to pity my deſerving friend.
He ſaid: and, from among the ſpoils, he draws
(Ponderous with ſhaggy main and golden paws)
A lion's hide, to Salius this he gives;
Niſus with envy ſees the gift, and grieves.
If ſuch rewards to vanquiſh'd men are due,
He ſaid, and falling is to riſe by you,

What prize may Niſus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the firſt rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune try'd;
Would fortune for my fall ſo well provide!
With this he pointed to his face, and ſhow'd
His hands, and all his habit ſmear'd with blood.
Th' indulgent father of the people ſmil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample ſhield
Of wondrous art by Didymaon wrought,
Long ſince from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Niſus, he divides the reſt;
And equal juſtice, in his gifts expreſs'd.
The race thus ended, and rewards beſtow'd,
Once more the prince beſpeaks the attentive crowd:
If there be here, whoſe dauntleſs courage dare
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,
His oppoſite ſuſtain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propoſe, and thus divide;
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets ty'd,
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief;
A ſword and helm ſhall chear the loſer's grief.
Then haughty Dares in the liſts appears;
Stalking he ſtrides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
And loud applauſes echo through the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to ſtand,
The match of mighty Paris hand to hand;
The ſame at Hector's funerals undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amician ſtock;

And,

And, by the ſtroke of his reſiſtleſs hand,
Stretch'd the vaſt bulk upon the yellow ſand.
Such Dares was; and ſuch he ſtrod along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back, an ample breaſt he ſhows;
His lifted arms around his head he throws;
And deals in whiſtling air his empty blows.
His match is ſought; but through the trembling band,
Not one dares anſwer to the proud demand.
Preſuming of his force, with ſparkling eyes,
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awleſs inſolence;
And, having ſeiz'd his horns, accoſts the prince:
If none my matchleſs valour dares oppoſe,
How long ſhall Dares wait his daſtard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away.
The crowd aſſents; and, with redoubled cries,
For the proud challenger demands the prize.
Aceſtes, fir'd with juſt diſdain, to ſee
The palm uſurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who ſate beſide,
And heard, and ſaw unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the raviſh'd crown?
A prize in triumph, borne before your fight,
And ſhun for fear the danger of the fight;
Where is our Eryx now, the boaſted name,
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?

Where

Where now your baffled honour, where the ſpoil
That fill'd your houſe, and fame that fill'd our iſle?
Entellus, thus: My ſoul is ſtill the ſame;
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame:
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And ſcarce the ſhadow of a man remains.
Oh, could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime, of which this boaſter is ſo vain!
The brave who this decrepit age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize.
He ſaid, and, riſing at the word, he threw
Two ponderous gauntlets down, in open view;
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And ſheath his hands with in the liſted field.
With fear and wonder ſeiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with ſeven diſtinguiſh'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the ſpace within is ſpread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.
Dares himſelf was daunted at the ſight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Aſtoniſh'd at their weight the hero ſtands,
And pois'd the ponderous engines in his hands.
What had your wonder, ſaid Entellus, been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides ſeen,
Or view'd the ſtern debate on this unhappy green!
Theſe which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With theſe he long ſuſtain'd th' Herculean arm;
And theſe I wielded while my blood was warm:

This

This languiſh'd frame while better ſpirits fed,
Ere age unſtrung my nerves, or time o'erſnow'd my head.
But, if the challenger theſe arms refuſe,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not uſe;
If great Æneas and Aceſtes join
In his requeſt, theſe gauntlets I reſign:
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, ſince I reſign my right.
This ſaid, Entellus for the ſtrife prepares;
Stript of his quilted coat, his body bares:
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he ſtands,
A goodly towering object on the ſands.
Then juſt Æneas equal arms ſupply'd,
Which round their ſhoulders to their wriſts they ty'd;
Both on the tiptoe ſtand, at full extent;
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With claſhing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his ſinews and his giant ſize.
The laſt is ſtiff with age, his motion ſlow,
He heaves for breath: he ſtaggers to and fro;
And clouds of iſſuing ſmoke his noſtrils loudly blow.
Yet, equal in ſucceſs, they ward, they ſtrike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow ſides the rattling thumps reſound:
A ſtorm of ſtrokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes:

Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A ſweeping ſtroke, along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus ſtands his ground,
But, with his warping body, wards the wound:
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverſes, and ſhifts his place;
And, like a captain, who beleaguers round
Some ſtrong-built caſtle, on a riſing ground,
Views all th' approaches with obſerving eyes,
This, and that other part, in vain he tries;
And more on induſtry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And ſlipt aſide, and ſhunn'd the long-deſcending blow.
Entellus waſtes his forces on the wind;
And thus deluded of the ſtroke deſign'd,
Headlong and heavy fell: his ample breaſt,
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother preſs'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had ſtood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots: the differing nations riſe,
And ſhouts, and mingled murmurs, rend the ſkies.
Aceſtes runs, with eager haſte, to raiſe
The fall'n companion of his youthful days:
Dauntleſs he roſe, and to the fight return'd,
With ſhame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd:
Diſdain and conſcious virtue fir'd his breaſt,
And, with redoubled force, his foe he preſs'd.

He lays on load with either hand, amain,
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain,
Nor ſtops, nor ſtays; nor reſt nor breath allows,
But ſtorms of ſtrokes deſcend about his brows;
A rattling tempeſt, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who ſaw the wild increaſe
Of wounds, commands the combatants to ceaſe:
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
Firſt to the Trojan, ſpent with toil, he came,
And ſooth'd his ſorrow for the ſuffer'd ſhame.
What fury ſeiz'd my friend? the gods, ſaid he,
To him propitious, and averſe to thee,
Have giv'n his arm ſuperior force to thine;
'Tis madneſs to contend with ſtrength divine.
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the ſhore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and noſtrils pour'd a purple flood;
And pounded teeth came ruſhing with his blood.
Faintly he ſtagger'd through the hiſſing throng;
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The ſword and caſque are carry'd by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.
The champion, then, before Æneas came;
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
O goddeſs-born! and you Dardanian hoſt,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boaſt:
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate, you ſav'd my foe.

Sternly

Sternly he ſpoke; and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead, aiming full,
The deadly ſtroke deſcending, pierc'd the ſkull.
Down drops the beaſt; nor needs the ſecond wound;
But ſprawls in pangs of death, and ſpurns the ground.
Then thus. In Dares' ſtead I offer this;
Eryx, accept a nobler ſacrifice:
Take the laſt gift my wither'd arms can yield;
Thy gauntlets I reſign, and here renounce the field.
This done, Æneas orders, for the cloſe,
The ſtrife of archers with contending bows.
The maſt, Sergeſthus' ſhatter'd galley bore,
With his own hands he raiſes on the ſhore:
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance;
Their turn of ſhooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names. The lots are drawn;
On the firſt ſcroll was read Hippocoon:
The people ſhout; upon the next was found
Young Mneſtheus, late with naval honours crown'd:
The third contain'd Eurytian's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame:
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And ſend among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Aceſtes in the bottom laſt remain'd;
Whom not his age from youthful ſports reſtrain'd.
Soon all with vigour bend their truſty bows,
And, from the quiver, each his arrow choſe:

Hippocoon's

Hippocoon's was the firſt: with forceful ſway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the maſt the feather'd weapon ſtands;
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands;
And the tree trembled; and the ſhouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted ſkies.
Then Mneſtheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above;
But made a glancing ſhot, and miſs'd the dove.
Yet miſs'd ſo narrow, that he cut the cord
Which faſten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away ſhe flies,
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding ſkies.
His bow already bent, Eurytian ſtood,
And, having firſt invok'd his brother god,
His winged ſhaft with eager haſte he ſped;
The fatal meſſage reach'd her as ſhe fled:
She leaves her life aloft: ſhe ſtrikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Aceſtes, grudging at his lot, remains
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet ſhooting upward, ſends his ſhaft, to ſhow
An archer's art, and boaſt his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent:
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the ſpeed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames aſcending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the ſhiny way
Acroſs the ſkies, as falling meteors play,
And vaniſh into wind, or in a blaze decay.

The

The Trojans and Sicilians wildly ſtare;
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.
The Dardan prince put on a ſmiling face,
And ſtrain'd Acceſtes with a cloſe embrace:
Then, honouring him with gifts above the reſt,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confeſs'd.
The gods, ſaid he, this miracle have wrought;
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Ciſſeus gave my ſire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my ſecond ſire I juſtly give.
He ſaid, and, with the trumpet's chearful ſound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.
Nor good Eurytian envy'd him the prize;
Though he tranſix'd the pigeon in the ſkies.
Who cut the line, with ſecond gifts was grac'd;
The third was his, whoſe arrow pierc'd the maſt.
The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his ſon;
And whiſper'd thus: With ſpeed Aſcanius find,
And if his childiſh troop be ready join'd,
On horſe-back let him grace his grandſire's day;
And lead his equals arm'd in juſt array.
He ſaid, and, calling out, the cirque he clears:
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers in a line:
The riders grace the ſteeds; the ſteeds with glory ſhine.

Thus marching on, in military pride,
Shouts of applauſe reſound from ſide to ſide.
Their caſques, adorn'd with laurel wreaths, they wear,
Each brandiſhing aloft a cornel ſpear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burniſh'd gold hung down before:
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were ſeen;
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a ſpace between.
The firſt young Priam led; a lovely boy,
Whoſe grandſire was th' unhappy king of Troy:
His race, in after-time, was known to fame,
New honours adding to the Latian name;
And well the royal boy his Thracian ſteed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a ſnowy ſtar he bore:
Then beauteous Atis, with Iülus bred,
Of equal age, the ſecond ſquadron led.
The laſt in order, but the firſt in place,
Firſt in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Aſcanius on a fiery ſteed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure courſers for the reſt the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.
The pleas'd ſpectators peals of ſhouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view:
Their make, their motions, and their ſprightly grace:
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' unfledg'd commanders, and their martial tr
Firſt make the circuit of the ſandy plain,
Around their fires: and, at th' appointed ſign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The ſecond ſignal ſounds: the troop divides
In three diſtinguiſh'd parts, with three diſtinguiſ
guides.
Again they cloſe, and once again disjoin,
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet, they wheel, they throw their darts afu
With harmleſs rage, and well-diſſembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run;
Flying they follow, and purſuing ſhun.
Broken they break, and rallying, they renew
In other forms the military ſhew.
At laſt, in order, undiſcern'd they join;
And march together, in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redreſs,
In a round error, which deny'd receſs;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd, and return'd, and ſtill a different way.
Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chace,
In circles, when they ſwim around the watery race.
This game, theſe carouſals, Aſcanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought.
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin fires impart,
To their ſucceeding ſons, the graceful art:

Fro

From theſe imperial Rome receiv'd the game;
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.
Thus far the ſacred ſports they celebrate:
But Fortune ſoon reſum'd her ancient hate:
For while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Thoſe envy'd rites Saturnian Juno views;
And ſends the goddeſs of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below:
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way;
Where in the port ſecure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch deſcends;
And, undiſcern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She ſaw the gathering crowd; and gliding thence,
The deſert ſhore, and fleet without defence.
The Trojan matrons on the ſands alone,
With ſighs and tears, Anchiſes' death bemoan.
Then, turning to the ſea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themſelves, renews their cries.
Alas! ſaid one, what oceans yet remain
For us to ſail; what labours to ſuſtain!
All take the word; and, with a general groan,
Implore the gods for peace; and places of their own.
The goddeſs, great in miſchief, views their pains;
And, in a woman's form, her heavenly limbs reſtrains.
In face and ſhape, old Beroë ſhe became,
Doriclus' wife, a venerable dame;
Once bleſs'd with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidſt the crying crowd ſhe ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and theſe words began:

O wretched we, whom not the Grecian power,
Nor flames deſtroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reſerv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the ſinking ſtate!
Now ſeven revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improſperous voyage we begun:
Since toſs'd from ſhores to ſhores, from lands to lands,
Inhoſpitable rocks and barren ſands;
Wandering in exile, through the ſtormy ſea,
We ſearch in vain for flying Italy.
Now caſt by fortune on this kindred land,
What ſhould our reſt, and riſing walls withſtand;
Or hinder here to fix our baniſh'd band?
O, country loſt! and gods redeem'd in vain,
If ſtill in endleſs exile we remain!
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or ſtreams of ſome diſſembled Simois view?
Haſte, join with me, th' unhappy fleet conſume:
Caſſandra bids, and I declare her doom.
In ſleep I ſaw her; ſhe ſupply'd my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
With theſe, ſaid ſhe, theſe wandering ſhips deſtroy;
Theſe are your fatal ſeats, and this your Troy.
Time calls you now, the precious hour employ.
Slack not the good preſage, while heaven inſpires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See Neptune's altars miniſter their brands;
The god is pleas'd; the god ſupplies our hands.
Then, from the pile, a flaming fir ſhe drew,
And, toſs'd in air, amidſt the gallies threw.

Wrap'd in amaze, the matrons wildly ſtare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurſe of Priam's numerous race,
No Beroë this, though ſhe belies her face:
What terrors from her frowning front ariſe;
Behold a goddeſs in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heavenly face are ſeen,
Mark her majeſtic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroë but now I left; whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguiſh from theſe rites detain.
She ſaid; the matrons, ſeiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze:
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddeſs, having done her taſk below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the ſight, and ſeiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons proſecute their mad deſign:
They ſhriek aloud, they ſnatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars, firs, and flaming brands.
Green boughs, and ſaplings, mingled in their haſte;
And ſmoking torches on the ſhips they caſt.
The flame, unſtopp'd at firſt, more fury gains;
And Vulcan rides at large with looſen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted ſterns he ſoars,
And ſeizes in his way the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the firſt the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.
Then what they hear, is witneſs'd by their eyes;
A ſtorm of ſparkles and of flames ariſe.

Aſcanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing ſteed.
And ſpurring on, his equals ſoon o'erpaſs'd,
Nor could his frighted friends reclaim his haſte.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He ſent his voice before him as he flew;
What madneſs moves you, matrons, to deſtroy
The laſt remainders of unhappy Troy?
Not hoſtile fleets, but your own hopes you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Aſcanius: while he ſaid,
He drew his glittering helmet from his head;
In which the youths to ſportful arms he led.
By this, Æneas and his train appear;
And now the women, ſeiz'd with ſhame and fear,
Diſpers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight;
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light:
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find;
And ſhake the goddeſs from their alter'd mind.
Not ſo the raging fires their fury ceaſe;
But lurking in the ſeams, with ſeeming peace,
Work on their way, amid the ſmouldering tow,
Sure in deſtruction, but in motion ſlow.
The ſilent plague through the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the ſails,
The fire deſcends, or mounts; but ſtill prevails:
Nor buckets pour'd, nor ſtrength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withſtand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heaven his hands, and with his hands his vows:
O Jove, he cry'd, if prayers can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'ſt not all the Dardan race;
If any ſpark of pity ſtill remain;
If gods are gods, and not invok'd in vain;
Yet ſpare the relics of the Trojan train.
Yet from the flames our burning veſſels free:
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And ſend the willing ſacrifice below.
Scarce had he ſaid, when ſouthern ſtorms ariſe;
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling ſhakes the mountains and the plain;
Heaven bellies downward, and deſcends in rain;
Whole ſheets of water from the clouds are ſent,
Which, hiſſing through the planks, the flames prevent:
And ſtop the fiery peſt: four ſhips alone
Burn to the waſte, and for the fleet atone.
But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he ſhould ſtill in Sicily reſide,
Forgetful of his fates; or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wiſe, to whom alone
The will of heaven by Pallas was fore-ſhown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd and inſpir'd
To tell events, and what the Fates requir'd:
Thus while he ſtood, to neither part inclin'd,
With chearful words reliev'd his labouring mind:

O goddeſs-born, reſign'd in every ſtate,
With patience bear, with prudence puſh your fate.
By ſuffering well, our fortune we ſubdue;
Fly when ſhe frowns, and when ſhe calls purſue.
Your friend Aceſtes is of Trojan kind;
To him diſcloſe the ſecrets of your mind:
Truſt in his hands your old and uſeleſs train,
Too numerous for the ſhips which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their eaſe,
The dames who dread the dangers of the ſeas,
With all their daſtard crew, who dare not ſtand
The ſhock of battle with your foes by land;
Here you may build a common town for all;
And, from Aceſtes' name, Aceſta call.
The reaſons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more diſturb'd his mind.
'Twas dead of night; when to his ſlumbering eyes,
His father's ſhade deſcended from the ſkies;
And thus he ſpoke: O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O ſon, in various toils and troubles toſt,
The king of heaven employs my careful ghoſt
On his commands; the God who ſav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your juſt deſire:
The wholſome counſel of your friend receive;
And here the coward train, and women leave:
The choſen youth, and thoſe who nobly dare
Tranſport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The ſtern Italians with their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.

But firſt to Pluto's palace you ſhould go,
And ſeek my ſhade among the bleſt below.
For not with impious ghoſts my ſoul remains,
Nor ſuffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of ſoft Elyſian plains.
The chaſte Sibylla ſhall your ſteps convey;
And blood of offer'd victims free the way;
There ſhall you know what realms the gods aſſign;
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.
But now, farewell: I vaniſh with the night;
And feel the blaſt of heaven's approaching light:
He ſaid, and mix'd with ſhades, and took his airy flight.
Whither ſo faſt, the filial duty cry'd,
And why, ah why, the wiſh'd embrace deny'd!
He ſaid, and roſe: as holy zeal inſpires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires.
His country gods and Veſta then adores
With cakes and incenſe; and their aid implores.
Next for his friends and royal hoſt he ſent,
Reveal'd his viſion and the gods intent,
With his own purpoſe. All, without delay,
The will of Jove and his deſires obey.
They liſt with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life, for future fame.
Theſe they caſhier: the brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables half conſum'd renew.
The prince deſigns a city with the plough;
The lots their ſeveral tenements allow.

This

This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy;
And the new king aſcends the throne with joy.
A choſen ſenate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then on the top of Eryx, they begin
A riſing temple to the Paphian queen:
Anchiſes, laſt, is honour'd as a god;
A prieſt is added, annual gifts beſtow'd;
And groves are planted round his bleſt abode.
Nine days they paſs in feaſts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incenſe in the fanes abound.
Then, from the ſouth aroſe a gentle breeze,
That curl'd the ſmoothneſs of the glaſſy ſeas:
The riſing winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the ſhores reſound,
Of parting friends in cloſe embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who ſhunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n thoſe deſire to ſail, and take their ſhare
Of the rough paſſage, and the promis'd war.
Whom good Æneas chears; and recommends
To their new maſter's care, his fearful friends.
On Eryx', altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new fallen to the ſtormy ſeas;
Then ſlips his hauſers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero ſtands;
With olive crown'd; a charger in his hands;
Then caſt the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the ſacrifice of purple wine.

Freſh gales ariſe, with equal ſtrokes they vie,
And bruſh the buxom ſeas, and o'er the billows fly.
Meantime the mother goddeſs, full of fears,
To Neptune thus addreſs'd, with tender tears:
The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice which no ſufferings can aſſuage,
Compel me to theſe prayers: ſince neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquiſh'd, yet ſhe ſtill renews the ſtrife.
As if 'twere little to conſume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown;
She proſecutes the ghoſt of Troy with pains;
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the laſt remains.
Let her the cauſes of her hatred tell;
But you can witneſs its effects too well.
You ſaw the ſtorms ſhe rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Æolus, ſhe ſhook the main;
And mov'd rebellion in your watery reign.
With fury ſhe poſſeſs'd the Dardan dames
To burn their fleet with execrable flames:
And forc'd Æneas, when his ſhips were loſt,
To leave his followers on a foreign coaſt:
For what remains, your godhead I implore;
And truſt my ſon to your protecting power.
If neither Jove's nor fate's decree withſtand,
Secure his paſſage to the Latian land.
Then thus the mighty ruler of the main:
What may not Venus hope, from Neptune's reign?

My

My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence
Of your indanger'd fleet, may claim your confidence.
Nor leſs by land than ſea, my deeds declare,
How much your lov'd Æneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I atteſt:
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles preſs'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And daſh'd againſt their walls the trembling train,
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the ſlain:
When crimſon Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood-up on ridges to behold the ſea;
New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way:
When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds,
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I ſpread a cloud before the victor's ſight,
Suſtain'd the vanquiſh'd, and ſecur'd his flight.
Ev'n then ſecur'd him, when I fought with joy
The vow'd deſtruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the ſame: fair goddeſs, fear no more,
Your fleet ſhall ſafely gain the Latian ſhore:
Their lives are given; one deſtin'd head alone
Shall periſh, and for multitudes atone.
Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd.
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the looſen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the ſea ſubſides;
And the ſmooth ocean rolls her ſilent tides.

The tempeſts fly before their father's face;
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;
And monſter whales before their maſter play,
And choirs of tritons crowd the watery way.
The martial'd powers in equal troops divide
To right and left: the gods his better ſide
Incloſe, and on the worſe the nymphs and nereids ride.
Now ſmiling hope, with ſweet viciſſitude,
Within the hero's mind, his joys renew'd.
He calls to raiſe the maſts, the ſheets diſplay;
The chearful crew with diligence obey;
They ſcud before the wind, and ſail in open ſea.
A-head of all the maſter pilot ſteers,
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The ſteeds of night had travel'd half the ſky,
The drowſy rowers on their benches lie;
When the ſoft god of ſleep, with eaſy flight,
Deſcends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his deſtin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron ſleep he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
The winds, my friend, inſpire a pleaſing gale;
The ſhips, without thy care, ſecurely ſail.
Now ſteal an hour of ſweet repoſe; and I
Will take the rudder, and thy room ſupply.
To whom the yawning pilot, half aſleep;
Me doſt thou bid to truſt the treacherous deep!

The

The harlot-ſmiles of her diſſembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the ſyren ſouth again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monſter main?
He ſaid, his faſten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading ſleep.
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dip'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquiſh'd by the power divine,
Soon clos'd his ſwimming eyes, and lay ſupine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, inſulting with ſuperior ſtrength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the ſea,
And, with the ſtern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, ſtruggling in the main,
Cry'd out for helping hands, but cry'd in vain:
The victor dæmon mounts obſcure in air;
While the ſhip ſails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:
But what the man forſook, the god ſupplies;
And o'er the dangerous deep ſecure the navy flies:
Glides by the ſyren's cliffs, a ſhelfy coaſt,
Long infamous for ſhips and ſailors loſt;
And white with bones: th' impetuous ocean roars;
And rocks rebellow from the ſounding ſhores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found
The toſſing veſſel ſail'd on ſhoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loſs, he takes himſelf
The helm, and ſteers aloof, and ſhuns the ſhelf.

Inly

Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breaſt,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain expreſs'd:
For faith repos'd on ſeas, and on the flattering ſky,
Thy naked corpſe is doom'd on ſhores unknown to lie.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Sibyl foretels Æneas the adventures he ſhould meet with in Italy: ſhe attends him to hell: deſcribing to him the various ſcenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchiſes: who inſtructs him in thoſe ſublime myſteries of the ſoul of the world, and the tranſmigration: and ſhews him that glorious race of heroes which was to deſcend from him and his poſterity.

HE ſaid, and wept: then ſpread his ſails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumæan ſhore:
Their anchors dropt, his crew the veſſels moor.
They turn their heads to ſea, their ſterns to land;
And greet, with greedy joy, th' Italian ſtrand.
Some ſtrike from claſhing flints their fiery ſeed;
Some gather ſticks the kindled flames to feed;
Or ſearch for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace through vallies the diſcover'd floods.

Thus

Thus, while their ſeveral charges they fulfil,
The pious prince aſcends the ſacred hill
Where Phœbus is ador'd; and ſeeks the ſhade
Which hides from ſight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Through Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now the temple roof'd with gold.
When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan ſhore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore
(The firſt who ſail'd in air), 'tis ſung by fame,
To the Cumæan coaſt at length he came;
And here alighting, built this coſtly frame.
Inſcrib'd to Phœbus, here he hung on high
The ſteerage of his wings, that cuts the ſky;
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboſs'd
Androgeos' death, and offerings to his ghoſt:
Seven youths from Athens yearly ſent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to thoſe the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the deſtin'd names by lots were caſt:
The mournful parents ſtand around in tears;
And riſing Crete againſt their ſhore appears.
There too, in living ſculpture, might be ſeen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen:
Then how ſhe cheats her bellowing lover's eye:
The ruſhing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beaſt, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.

Nor far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze;
A thouſand doors, a thouſand winding ways;
Here dwells the monſter, hid from human view,
Not to be found but by the faithful clue:
Till the kind artiſt, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this laſt relief;
And all thoſe erring paths deſcrib'd ſo well,
That Theſeus conquer'd, and the monſter fell.
Here hapleſs Icarus had found his part;
Had not the father's grief reſtrain'd his art.
He twice eſſay'd to caſt his ſon in gold;
Twice from his hands he drop'd the forming mould.
All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd:
Each varying object his delight renew'd.
Eager to read the reſt, Achates came,
And by his ſide the mad divining dame;
The prieſteſs of the god, Deiphobe her name.
Time ſuffers not, ſhe ſaid, to feed your eyes
With empty pleaſures: haſte the ſacrifice.
Seven bullocks yet unyok'd, for Phœbus chooſe,
And for Diana ſeven unſpotted ewes.
This ſaid, the ſervants urge the ſacred rites;
While to the temple ſhe the prince invites.
A ſpacious cave, within its farmoſt part,
Was hew'd and faſhion'd by laborious art
Through the hill's hollow ſides: before the place,
A hundred doors, a hundred entries grace:
As many voices iſſue; and the ſound
Of Sibyls' words as many times rebound.

Now

Now to the mouth they come: Aloud ſhe cries,
This is the time; enquire your deſtinies.
He comes, behold the god! Thus while ſhe ſaid
(And ſhivering at the ſacred entry ſtaid),
Her colour chang'd, her face was not the ſame,
And hollow groans from her deep ſpirit came.
Her hair ſtood up; convulſive rage poſſeſs'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her labouring breaſt.
Greater than human-kind ſhe ſeem'd to look:
And, with an accent more than mortal, ſpoke.
Her ſtaring eyes with ſparkling fury roll;
When all the god came ruſhing on her ſoul.
Swiftly ſhe turn'd, and foaming as ſhe ſpoke,
Why this delay? ſhe cried; the powers invoke:
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,
Elſe vain are my demands, and dumb the god.
She ſaid no more: the trembling Trojans hear;
O'erſpread with a damp ſweat, and holy fear.
The prince himſelf, with awful dread poſſeſs'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus addreſs'd:
Indulgent god, propitious power to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to deſtroy;
Directed by whoſe hand, the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees, and thy commands,
Through ambient ſeas, and through devouring ſands,
Our exil'd crew has fought th' Auſonian ground;
And now, at length, the flying coaſt is found;
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has purſued her wandering race:

Here ceaſe, ye powers, and let your vengeance end;
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O ſacred maid! inſpir'd to ſee
Th' event of things in dark futurity,
Give me, what heaven has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian ſtate:
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then ſhall my grateful hands a temple rear
To the twin gods, with vows and ſolemn prayer;
And annual rites, and feſtivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auſpicious names;
Nor ſhalt thou want thy honours in my land,
For there thy faithful oracles ſhall ſtand,
Preſerv'd in ſhrines: and every ſacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo ſhall convey:
All ſhall be treaſur'd, by a choſen train
Of holy prieſts, and ever ſhall remain.
But, Oh! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the ſport of every wind,
Leſt they diſperſe in air our empty fate:
Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.
Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,
The more ſhe ſtrove to ſhake him from her breaſt,
With more, and far ſuperior force he preſs'd:
Commands his entrance, and, without control,
Uſurps her organs, and inſpires her ſoul.

Now,

Now, with a furious blaſt, the hundred doors
Ope of themſelves; a ruſhing whirlwind roars
Within the cave; and Sibyl's voice reſtores:
Eſcap'd the dangers of the watery reign,
Yet more and greater ills, by land remain;
The coaſt ſo long deſir'd (nor doubt th' event)
Thy troops ſhall reach, but having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars I view; a field of blood;
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus ſhall be wanting there;
A new Achilles ſhall in arms appear:
And he, too, goddeſs-born: fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hoſtile force, ſhall urge thy fate.
To what ſtrange nations ſhalt not thou reſort!
Driven to ſolicit aid at every court!
The cauſe the ſame which Ilium once oppreſs'd,
A foreign miſtreſs and a foreign gueſt:
But thou, ſecure of ſoul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppoſe:
The dawnings of thy ſafety ſhall be ſhown,
From whence thou leaſt ſhalt hope, a Grecian town.
Thus, from the dark receſs, the Sibyl ſpoke,
And the reſiſting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple ſhook.
Th' ambiguous god, who rul'd her labouring breaſt,
In theſe myſterious words his mind expreſt:
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involv'd the reſt.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas'd,
And, ebbing in her ſoul, the god decreas'd.

Then thus the chief: No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new:
Inur'd to ſuffer, and reſolv'd to dare,
The fates, without my power, ſhall be without my care.
This let me crave, ſince near your grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,
Which Acheron ſurrounds, th' innavigable flood:
Conduct me through the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father's ſight:
For him, a thouſand dangers I have ſought;
And, ruſhing where the thickeſt Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the ſacred burden brought.
He, for my ſake, the raging ocean try'd,
And wrath of heaven; my ſtill auſpicious guide,
And bore beyond the ſtrength decrepit age ſupply'd.
Oft ſince he breath'd his laſt, in dead of night,
His reverend image ſtood before my ſight;
Enjoin'd to ſeek below his holy ſhade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid:
But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the ſon.
Yours is the power; nor Proſerpine in vain
Has made you prieſteſs of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,
The ruthleſs king with pity could inſpire,
And from the ſhades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, offering his alternate life,
Could free his brother; and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns deſcend below;

Why

Why name I Theſeus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could aſcend!
Not leſs than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:
My mother greater, my deſcent the ſame.
So pray'd the Trojan prince; and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.
Then thus reply'd the propheteſs divine:
O goddeſs-born! of great Anchiſes' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the deſcent, and eaſy is the way:
But, to return, and view the chearful ſkies,
In this the taſk and mighty labour lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And thoſe of ſhining worth, and heavenly race.
Betwixt thoſe regions, and our upper light,
Deep foreſts and impenetrable night
Poſſeſs the middle ſpace. Th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his ſable waves ſurrounds:
But, if ſo dire a love your ſoul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling ſhades;
If you ſo hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to paſs th' innavigable lake,
Receive my counſel. In the neighbouring grove
There ſtands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human ſight.
One bough it bears; but, wondrous to behold,
The ductile rind, and leaves, of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches muſt be torn,
And to fair Proſerpine the preſent borne,

Ere leave be given to tempt the nether ſkies:
The firſt thus rent, a ſecond will ariſe,
And the ſame metal the ſame room ſupplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes to ſee
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with eaſe, if favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian ſtate:
If not, no labour can the tree conſtrain,
And ſtrength of ſtubborn arms, and ſteel are vain.
Beſides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathleſs he lies, and his unbury'd ghoſt,
Depriv'd of funeral rites, pollutes your hoſt.
Pay firſt his pious dues: and, for the dead,
Two ſable ſheep around his hearſe be led:
Then, living turfs upon his body lay;
This done, ſecurely take the deſtin'd way,
To find the regions deſtitute of day.
She ſaid: and held her peace. Æneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of diſcontent;
Unknowing whom the ſacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breaſt,
Goes grieving by his ſide with equal cares oppreſs'd.
Walking they talk'd, and fruitleſsly divin'd
What friend the prieſteſs, by thoſe words, deſign'd:
But ſoon they found an object to deplore;
Miſenus lay extended on the ſhore.

Son

Son of the god of winds; none ſo renown'd,
The warrior trumpet in the field to ſound:
With breathing braſs to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouze to dare their fate, in honourable arms.
He ſerv'd great Hector; and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his ſpear.
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,
He choſe Æneas, and he choſe as well.
Swoln with applauſe, and aiming ſtill at more,
He now provokes the ſea-gods from the ſhore;
With envy Triton heard the martial ſound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd.
Then caſt his mangled carcaſe on the ſtrand:
The gazing crowd around the body ſtand.
All weep, but moſt Æneas mourns his fate,
And haſtens to perform the funeral ſtate.
In altar-wiſe a ſtately pile they rear;
The baſis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work deſign'd
(The ſhady covert of the ſavage kind)
The Trojans found: the ſounding ax is ply'd:
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride
Of foreſt aſhes, feel the fatal ſtroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the ſtubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the ſteepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the reſt the Trojan prince appears,
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compaſs what his with deſign'd,

He

He caſt his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then, with vows, implor'd the queen of love:
O ma- thy power, propitious ſtill to me,
Conduct my ſteps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep foreſt; ſince the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Miſenus' death.
Scarce had he ſaid, when, full before his ſight,
Two doves, deſcending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the graſſy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
Be you my guides, with your auſpicious aid;
And lead my footſteps, till the branch be found,
Whoſe glittering ſhadow gilds the ſacred ground:
And thou, great parent! with celeſtial care,
In this diſtreſs, be preſent to my prayer.
Thus having ſaid, he ſtopp'd: with watchful ſight
Obſerving ſtill the motions of their flight,
What courſe they took, what happy ſigns they ſhew:
They fed, and, fluttering by degrees, withdrew
Still farther from the place, but ſtill in view:
Hopping, and flying, thus they led him on
To the ſlow lake: whoſe baleful ſtench to ſhun,
They wing'd their flight aloft; then ſtooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree, that bears the golden bough.
Through the green leaves the glittering ſhadows glow;
As on the ſacred oak, the wintery miſleto:
Where the proud mother views her precious brood;
And happier branches, which ſhe never ſow'd.
Such was the glittering, ſuch the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.

He ſeiz'd the ſhining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with eaſe, the lingering gold:
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Mean time, the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Miſenus pay his obſequies.
Firſt from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch-trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front, with cypreſs twigs they ſtrew,
And ſtick the ſides with boughs of baleful yeugh.
The topmoſt part, his glittering arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen cauldrons borne,
Are pour'd to waſh his body, joint by joint:
And fragrant oils the ſtiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Miſenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathleſs body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away
(Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay).
Pure oil and incenſe on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends beſtow.
Theſe gifts, the greedy flames to duſt devour;
Then, on the living coals, red wine they pour:
And laſt, the relicks by themſelves diſpoſe,
Which in a brazen urn the prieſts incloſe.
Old Chorineus compaſs'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he ſprinkled round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then diſmiſs'd the crowd.

But good Æneas order'd on the ſhore
A ſtately tomb; whoſe top a trumpet bore;
A ſoldier's fauchion, and a ſeaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathleſs fame
Still to the lofty cape conſigns his name.
Theſe rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Haſtes to the nether world his deſtin'd way.
Deep was the cape; and downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough deſcent;
And here th' acceſs a gloomy grove defends;
And here th' unnavigable lake extends.
O'er whoſe unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird preſumes to ſteer his airy flight;
Such deadly ſtenches from the depth ariſe,
And ſteaming ſulphur, that infects the ſkies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four ſable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For ſacrifice the pious hero brought;
The prieſteſs pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that firſt oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair
(A powerful name in hell, and upper air).
The ſacred prieſts with ready knives bereave
The beaſts of life, and in full bowls receive
The ſtreaming blood: a lamb to hell and night
(The ſable wool without a ſtreak of white)
Æneas offers: and, by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proſerpine, to thee.

With

With holocauſts he Pluto's altar fills:
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours:
Late, the nocturnal ſacrifice begun;
Nor ended, till the next returning ſun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,
Ere Hecate came: Far hence be ſouls profane,
The Sibyl cry'd, and from the grove abſtain.
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford,
Aſſume thy courage, and unſheath thy ſword.
She ſaid, and paſs'd along the gloomy ſpace,
The prince purſued her ſteps with equal pace.
Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human ſight,
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghoſts, permit me to relate
The myſtic wonders of your ſilent ſtate.
Obſcure they went through dreary ſhades, that led
Along the waſte dominions of the dead:
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light:
When Jove in duſky clouds involves the ſkies,
And the faint creſcent ſhoots by fits before their eyes.
Juſt in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares and ſullen ſorrows dwell;
And pale diſeaſes, and repining age;
Want, fear, and famine's unreſiſted rage:
Here toils, and death, and death's half-brother, ſleep,
Forms terrible to view, their centry keep:

With

With anxious pleaſures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds before, and open force behind:
The furies iron beds, and ſtrife that ſhakes
Her hiſſing treſſes, and unfolds her ſnakes.
Full in the midſt of this infernal road,
An elm diſplays her duſky arms abroad:
The god of ſleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on every leaf are ſpread.
Of various forms unnumber'd ſpectres more;
Centaurs, and double ſhapes, beſiege the door:
Before the paſſage horrid Hydra ſtands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands:
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame,
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.
The chief unſheath'd his ſhining ſteel, prepar'd,
Though ſeiz'd with ſudden fear, to force the guard,
Offering his brandiſh'd weapon at their face,
Had not the Sibyl ſtop'd his eager pace,
And told him what thoſe empty phantoms were;
Forms without bodies, and impaſſive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whoſe troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus loſt:
There Charon ſtands, who rules the dreary coaſt;
A ſordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard deſcends; uncomb'd, unclean:
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire:
A girdle, foul with greaſe, binds his obſcene attire.
He ſpreads his canvas, with his pole he ſteers,
The freights of flitting ghoſts in his thin bottom bears.

He

He look'd in years; yet in his years were ſeen
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came ruſhing where he ſtood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood.
Huſbands and wives, boys and unmarry'd maids,
And mighty heroes more majeſtic ſhades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes.
With hollow groans, and ſhrieks, and feeble cries,
Thick as the leaves in autumn ſtrow the woods:
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forſake the floods,
And wing their haſty flight to happier lands:
Such, and ſo thick, the ſhivering army ſtands;
And preſs for paſſage with extended hands.
Now theſe, now thoſe, the ſurly boatman bore:
The reſt he drove to diſtance from the ſhore.
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,
The tumult mix'd with ſhrieks, laments, and cries,
Aſk'd of his guide, what the rude concourſe meant?
Why to the ſhore the thronging people bent?
What forms of law among the ghoſts were us'd?
Why ſome were ferry'd o'er, and ſome refus'd?
Son of Anchiſes, offspring of the gods,
The Sibyl ſaid, you ſee the Stygian floods,
The ſacred ſtreams, which heaven's imperial ſtate
Atteſts in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghoſts rejected, are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of ſepulchres, and funeral due.
The boatman Charon; thoſe, the bury'd hoſt,
He ferries over to the farther coaſt.

Nor

Nor dares his tranſport veſſel croſs the waves,
With ſuch whoſe bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the ſhore,
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.
The Troian chief his forward pace repreſs'd;
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breaſt.
He ſaw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their funeral honours claim'd, and aſk'd their quiet graves.
The loſt Leucaſpis in the crowd he knew;
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew:
Whom, on the Tyrrhene ſeas the tempeſts met;
The ſailors maſter'd, and the ſhip o'erſet.
Amidſt the ſpirits Palinurus preſs'd:
Yet freſh from life; a new admitted gueſt.
Who, while he ſteering, view'd the ſtars, and bore
His courſe from Africk, to the Latian ſhore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And ſcarcely through the gloom the ſullen ſhadow knew.
Then thus the prince. What envious power, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this diſaſtrous end?
For Phœbus, ever true in all he ſaid,
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
The god foretold you ſhould not die, before
You reach'd, ſecure from ſeas, th' Italian ſhore.
Is this th' unerring power? The ghoſt reply'd,
Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his anſwers ly'd;
Nor envious gods have ſent me to the deep:
But, while the ſtars and courſe of heaven I keep,
My weary'd eyes were ſeiz'd with fatal ſleep.

I fell

I fell; and, with my weight, the helm conſtrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds, and raging waves, I ſwear,
Your ſafety, more than mine, was then my care:
Left, of the guide bereft, the rudder loſt,
Your ſhip ſhould run againſt the rocky coaſt.
Three bluſtering nights, borne by the ſouthern blaſt,
I floated, and diſcover'd land at laſt:
High on a mountain wave my head I bore;
Forcing my ſtrength, and gathering to the ſhore:
Panting, but paſt the danger, now I ſeiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping cloaths, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhoſpitable coaſt:
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeleſs limbs are toſt:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light
Which I have loſt, for this eternal night:
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead ſire, and by your living ſon,
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghoſt,
Or with your navy ſeek the Velin coaſt;
And in a peaceful grave my corpſe compoſe:
Or, if a nearer way your mother ſhows,
Without whoſe aid, you durſt not undertake
This frightful paſſage o'er the Stygian lake;
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the ſweet banks of yon forbidden ſhore.

Scarce had he ſaid, the propheteſs began,
What hopes delude thee, miſerable man?
Think'ſt thou, thus unintomb'd, to croſs the floods,
To view the furies, and infernal gods;
And viſit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long, revolving years:
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take;
The wrath of heaven, inflicted for thy ſake,
With vengeance ſhall purſue th' inhuman coaſt,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghoſt,
And raiſe a tomb, with vows, and ſolemn prayer;
And Palinurus' name the place ſhall bear.
This calm'd his cares, ſooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw,
Whom, from the ſhore, the ſurly boatman ſaw:
Obſerv'd their paſſage through the ſhady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath;
Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms preſum'ſt to tread, I charge thee ſtand,
And tell thy name, and buſineſs in the land.
Know this, the realm of night; the Stygian ſhore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:
Nor was I pleas'd great Theſeus once to bear,
Who forc'd a paſſage with his pointed ſpear;
Nor ſtrong Alcides, men of mighty fame;
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.

In fetters one the barking porter ty'd,
And took him trembling from his ſovereign's ſide:
Two fought by force to ſeize his beauteous bride.
To whom the Sibyl thus: Compoſe thy mind:
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force deſign'd.
Still may the dog the wandering troops conſtrain
Of airy ghoſts; and vex the guilty train:
And with her griſly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whoſe lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is ſent to ſeek his ſire, in your Elyſian grove.
If neither piety, nor heaven's command,
Can gain his paſſage to the Stygian ſtrand,
This fatal preſent ſhall prevail at leaſt;
Then ſhew'd the ſhining bough, conceal'd within her veſt.
No more was needful, for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to ſee the golden rod:
Admir'd the deſtin'd offering to the queen
(A venerable gift ſo rarely ſeen).
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghoſts forſake their ſeats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight,
The leaky veſſel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly ſhe ſails, and ſcarcely ſtems the tides:
The preſſing water pours within her ſides.
His paſſengers, at length, are wafted o'er;
Expos'd in muddy weeds upon the miry ſhore.
No ſooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian ſound,

Grim Cerberus; who ſoon began to rear
His creſted ſnakes, and arm'd his briſtling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A ſop in honey ſteep'd to charm the guard.
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, ſhe caſt before
His greedy, grinding jaws, juſt op'd to roar:
With three enormous mouths he gapes, and ſtraight,
With hunger preſs'd, devours the pleaſing bait.
Long draughts of ſleep his monſtrous limbs enſlave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the ſpacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Paſs'd on, and took th' irremeable way.
Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Aſſault his ears: then thoſe whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cauſe.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful ſentence, and award a new.
Minos, the ſtrict inquiſitor, appears,
And lives and crimes, with his aſſeſſors, hears.
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,
Abſolves the juſt, and dooms the guilty ſouls.
The next in place, and puniſhment, are they
Who prodigally throw their ſouls away;
Fools, who repining at their wretched ſtate,
And loathing anxious life, ſuborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forſook, and wiſh to live.
Their pains and poverty deſire to bear,
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital air.

But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppoſe,
And, with nine circling ſtreams, the captive ſoul incloſe.
Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;
So call'd, from lovers that inhabit there.
The ſouls, whom that unhappy flame invades,
In ſecret ſolitude, and myrtle ſhades,
Make endleſs moans, and, pining with deſire,
Lament too late their unextinguiſh'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found
Baring her breaſt, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her ſon. He ſaw Paſiphaë there,
With Phædra's ghoſt, a foul inceſtuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne moves:
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves.
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man;
But ending in the ſex ſhe firſt began.
Not far from theſe Phænician Dido ſtood,
Freſh from her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood.
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obſcure in ſhades, and with a doubtful view
(Doubtful as he who runs through duſky night,
Or thinks he ſees the moon's uncertain light);
With tears he firſt approach'd the ſullen ſhade,
And, as his love inſpir'd him, thus he ſaid:
Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumour true, in your reported death,
And I, alas, the cauſe! By heaven, I vow,
And all the powers that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forſook your friendly ſtate:
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate.

Thoſe gods, that fate, whoſe unreſiſted might
Have ſent me to theſe regions, void of light,
Through the vaſt empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to preſume, that, preſs'd with grief,
My flight ſhould urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, ſtay your ſteps, and liſten to my vows,
'Tis the laſt interview that fate allows!
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,
With tears and prayers, and late repenting love:
Diſdainfully ſhe look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground:
And what he ſays, and ſwears, regards no more,
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar.
But whirl'd away, to ſhun his hateful ſight,
Hid in the foreſt, and the ſhades of night.
Then ſought Sichæus, through the ſhady grove,
Who anſwer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting ſhade.
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, ſever'd from the reſt, the warrior ſouls remain'd.
Tideus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the ſoldiers grace;
And pale Adraſtus with his ghaſtly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train:
All much lamented, all in battle ſlain.
Glaucus and Medon, high above the reſt,
Antenor's ſons, and Ceres' ſacred prieſt:

And

And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer,
Who ſhakes his empty reins, and aims his airy ſpear.
The gladſome ghoſts, in circling troops, attend,
And, with unweary'd eyes, behold their friend.
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What buſineſs brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flaſh'd through the ſhady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thundering ſword and pointed ſpear
Drove headlong to their ſhips, and glean'd the routed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gaſping throats.
Here Priam's ſon, Deiphobus, he found,
Whoſe face and limbs were one continued wound.
Diſhoneſt, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his noſe, and ſhorten'd of his ears.
He ſcarcely knew him, ſtriving to diſown
His blotted form, and bluſhing to be known.
And therefore firſt began: O Teucer's race,
Who durſt thy faultleſs figure thus deface?
What heart could wiſh, what hand inflict, this diſgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our laſt and fatal night,
Your ſingle proweſs long ſuſtain'd the fight:
Till, tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you choſe,
And fell upon a heap of ſlaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of ſo brave a deed,
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed:

Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armour and your name retains.
Your body too I fought; and, had I found,
Deſign'd for burial in your native ground.
The ghoſt reply'd: Your piety has paid
All needful rites to reſt my wandering ſhade:
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian ſwords betray'd my ſleeping life.
Theſe are the monuments of Helen's love:
The ſhame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we paſt
The night, that was by heaven decreed our laſt.
For, when the fatal horſe deſcending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town,
She feign'd nocturnal orgies: left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led;
Then, waving high her torch, the ſignal made,
Which round the Grecians from their ambuſcade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppreſs'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to reſt:
And heavy ſleep my weary limbs poſſeſs'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms miſlay'd;
And, from beneath my head, my ſword convey'd:
The door unlatch'd; and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord with common walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence ſhe plac'd,
And new troubles with'd to mine the paſt.
What need I more? Home ſhe our chief conveys,
And many a murder'd deſencleſs man.

Ulyſſes,

Ulyſſes, baſely born, firſt led the way:
Avenging power! with juſtice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But anſwer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living to the Stygian ſtate?
Driven by the winds and errors of the ſea,
Or did you heaven's ſuperior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way?
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal ſeats?
While thus, in talk, the flying hours they paſs,
The ſun had finiſh'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had ſpent
The little time of ſtay, which heaven had lent.
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay;
Night ruſhes down, and headlong drives the day:
'Tis here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right, to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus deſcends;
The ſeat of night profound, and puniſh'd fiends.
Then thus Deiphobus: O ſacred maid!
Forbear to chide; and be your will obey'd:
Lo to the ſecret ſhadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auſpicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found.
He ſaid; and while he ſaid, his ſteps he turn'd
To ſecret ſhadows, and in ſilence mourn'd.

The

The hero, looking on the left, eſpy'd
A lofty tower, and ſtrong on every ſide
With treble walls, which Phlegethon ſurrounds,
Whoſe fiery flood the burning empire bounds:
And, preſs'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noiſe reſounds.
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threats the ſky.
Vain is the force of man, and heaven's as vain,
To cruſh the pillars which the pile ſuſtain.
Sublime on theſe a tower of ſteel is rear'd,
And dire Tiſiphone there keeps the ward.
Girt in her ſanguine gown, by night and day,
Obſervant of the ſouls that paſs the downward way:
From hence are heard the groans of ghoſts, the pains
Of ſounding laſhes, and of dragging chains.
The Trojan ſtood aſtoniſh'd at their cries,
And aſk'd his guide, from whence thoſe yells ariſe?
And what the crimes and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air?
She thus reply'd: The chaſte and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when ſhe gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling through thoſe dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
Theſe are the realms of unrelenting fate:
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the ſtate:
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.

The conſcious wretch muſt all his acts reveal:
Loth to confeſs, unable to conceal:
From the firſt moment of his vital breath,
To his laſt hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghoſt, the fury ſhakes
The ſounding whip, and brandiſhes her ſnakes:
And the pale ſinner, with her ſiſters, takes.
Then, of itſelf, unfolds th' eternal door:
With dreadful ſounds the brazen hinges roar.
You ſee, before the gate, what ſtalking ghoſt
Commands the guard, what centries keep the poſt.
More formidable Hydra ſtands within;
Whoſe jaws with iron teeth ſeverely grin.
The gaping gulph, low to the centre lies;
And twice as deep as earth is diſtant from the ſkies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here ſing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd ſpace.
Here lie th' Alæan twins (I ſaw them both),
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth;
Who dar'd in fight the thunderer to defy;
Affect his heaven, and force him from the ſky.
Salmoneus, ſuffering cruel pains I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling ſound
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forky rays.
Through Elis and the Grecian towns he flew:
Th' audacious wretch four fiery courſers drew:
He wav'd a torch a'oft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worſhip from a ſervile train.

Ambitious

Ambitious fool, with horny hoofs to paſs
O'er hollow arches, of reſounding braſs;
To rival thunder, in its rapid courſe,
And imitate inimitable force.
But he, the king of heaven, obſcure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and launching from the ſky
His writhen bolt, not ſhaking empty ſmoke,
Down to the deep abyſs the flaming felon ſtrook.
There Tityus was to ſee, who took his birth
From heaven; his nurſing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal ſpace.
A ravenous vulture in his open'd ſide,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons try'd:
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breaſt;
The growing liver ſtill ſupply'd the feaſt.
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger laſts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Pirithous I could name;
And more Theſſalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mouldering rock is plac'd,
That promiſes a fall, and ſhakes at every blaſt.
They lie below, on golden beds diſplay'd,
And genial feaſts, with regal pomp, are made.
The queen of furies by their ſides is ſet,
And ſnatches from their mouths th' untaſted mate.
Which if they touch, her hiſſing ſnakes ſhe rears:
Toſſing her torch, and thundering in their ears.
Then they, who brothers better claim diſown,
Expel their parents, and uſurp the throne;

Defraud

Defraud their clients, and to lucre ſold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold:
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuſe to lend
To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend;
Vaſt is the throng of theſe; nor leſs the train
Of luſtful youths, for foul adultery ſlain.
Hoſts of deſerters, who their honour ſold,
And baſely broke their faith for bribes of gold:
All theſe within the dungeon's depth remain,
Deſpairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Aſk not what pains; nor farther ſeek to know
Their proceſs, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a mighty ſtone; ſome laid along,
And, bound with burning wires, on ſpokes of wheels are hung.
Unhappy Theſeus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair:
And wretched Phlegias warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more juſt or wiſe),
Learn righteouſneſs, and dread th' avenging deities.
To tyrants others have their country ſold,
Impoſing foreign lords, for foreign gold:
Some have old laws repeal'd, new ſtatutes made;
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid.
With inceſt ſome their daughters bed profan'd.
All dar'd the worſt of ills, and what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of braſs, inſpir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half thoſe horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the puniſhments thoſe crimes have met.

But

But let us haſte our voyage to purſue;
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view:
The gate, and iron arch above it, ſtands
On anvils, labour'd by the Cyclops hands.
Before our farther way the fates allow,
Here muſt we fix on high the golden bough.
She ſaid; and through the gloomy ſhades they paſt,
And choſe the middle path: arriv'd at laſt,
The prince, with living water, ſprinkled o'er
His limbs and body, then approach'd the door.
Poſſeſs'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough, requir'd by Pluto's love.
Theſe holy rites perform'd, they took their way,
Where long-extended plains of pleaſure lay.
The verdant fields with thoſe of heaven may vie;
With æther veſted, and a purple ſky:
The bliſsful ſeats of happy ſouls below:
Stars of their own, and their own ſuns they know.
Their airy limbs in ſports they exerciſe,
And, on the green, contend the wreſtler's prize.
Some, in heroic verſe, divinely ſing,
Others in artful meaſures lead the ring.
The Thracian bard, ſurrounded by the reſt,
There ſtands conſpicuous in his flowing veſt.
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strike ſeven diſtinguiſh'd notes, and ſeven at once they fill.
Here found they Teucer's old heroic race;
Born better times, and happier years, to grace.

Aſſaracus

Aſſaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their ſhining arms, and courſers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their ſteeds around,
Free from their harneſs, graze the flowery ground.
The love of horſes which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death ſurvive.
Some chearful ſouls, were feaſting on the plain;
Some did the ſong, and ſome the choir maintain:
Beneath a laurel ſhade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood;
Prieſts of unblemiſh'd lives here made abode,
And poets worthy their aſpiring god:
And ſearching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new invented arts.
Thoſe who, to worth, their bounty did extend;
And thoſe who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of theſe with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.
To theſe, the Sibyl thus her ſpeech addreſs'd;
And firſt to him ſurrounded by the reſt;
Towering his height, and ample was his breaſt:
Say, happy ſouls, divine Muſæus ſay,
Where lives Anchiſes, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whoſe only ſake
We ſought the dark abodes, and croſs'd the bitter lake?

To this the ſacred poet thus reply'd,
In no fix'd place the happy ſouls reſide;
In groves we live, and lie on moſſy beds,
By cryſtal ſtreams, that murmur through the meads:
But paſs yon eaſy hill, and thence deſcend,
The path conducts you to your journey's end.
This ſaid, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And ſhews them all the ſhining fields below;
They wind the hill, and through the bliſsful meadows go.
But old Anchiſes, in a flowery vale,
Review'd his muſter'd race, and took the tale.
Thoſe happy ſpirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
For future being, and new bodies wait,
With ſtudious thought obſerv'd th' illuſtrious throng,
In nature's order as they paſs'd along.
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful ſenates, and ſucceſsful war.
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
Welcome, he ſaid, the gods undoubted race,
O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay,
Have paſs'd the perils of ſo hard a way.
'Tis true, computing times I now believ'd
The happy day approach'd, nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you paſs'd,
What ſtorms ſuſtain'd, and on what ſhores been caſt?

How

How have I fear'd your fate! But fear'd it moſt
When love aſſail'd you on the Libyan coaſt.
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
Your ſacred ghoſt before my ſleeping eyes
Appear'd; and often urg'd this painful enterprize.
After long toſſing on the Tyrrhene ſea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, oh parent ſhade, nor ſhun
The dear embraces of your longing ſon!
He ſaid, and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw:
And thrice the flitting ſhadow ſlipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.
Now, in a ſecret vale, the Trojan ſees
A ſeparate grove, through which a gentle breeze
Plays with a paſſing breath, and whiſpers through the trees,
And juſt before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her ſilent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In ſummer's heat, on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to ſuck the balmy ſeed.
The winged army roams the field around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the ſound.
Æneas wondering ſtood: then aſk'd the cauſe,
Which to the ſtream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the ſire: The ſouls that throng the flood
Are thoſe, to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:

In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taſte;
Of future life ſecure, forgetful of the paſt.
Long has my ſoul deſir'd this time and place,
To ſet before your ſight your glorious race.
That this preſaging joy may fire your mind,
To ſeek the ſhores by deſtiny deſign'd.
O Father, can it be, that ſouls ſublime,
Return to viſit our terreſtrial clime?
And that the generous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?
Anchiſes, then, in order thus begun
To clear thoſe wonders to his godlike ſon:
Know firſt, that heaven and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the ſtarry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common ſoul
Inſpires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind infus'd through all the ſpace,
Unites and mingles with the mighty maſs.
Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain;
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigour is in all the ſame,
And every ſoul is fill'd with equal flame:
As much as earthy limbs, and groſs allay
Of mortal members, ſubject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.
From this coarſe mixture of terreſtrial parts,
Deſire and fear by turns poſſeſs their hearts;
And grief and joy, nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Aſſert the native ſkies, or own its heavenly kind.

Nor

Nor death itſelf can wholly waſh their ſtains:
But long-contracted filth, e'en in the ſoul, remains.
The relicks of inveterate vice they wear:
And ſpots of ſin obſcene in every face appear.
For this are various penances injoin'd;
And ſome are hung to bleach upon the wind;
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the ruſt expires!
All have their Manes, and thoſe Manes bear:
The few, ſo cleans'd, to theſe abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the ſoft Elyſian air.
Then are they happy, when, by length of time,
The ſcurf is worn away of each committed crime.
No ſpeck is left of their habitual ſtains;
But the pure æther of the ſoul remains.
But when a thouſand rolling years are paſt
(So long their puniſhments and penance laſt);
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood:
In large forgetful draughts to ſteep the cares
Of their paſt labours, and their irkſome years.
That, unremembering of its former pain,
The ſoul may ſuffer mortal fleſh again.
Thus having ſaid; the father ſpirit leads
The prieſteſs and his ſon through ſwarms of ſhades,
And takes a riſing ground, from thence to ſee
The long proceſſion of his progeny.
Survey (purſued the ſire) this airy throng;
As, offer'd to the view, they paſs along.

Theſe are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and grafft upon the Trojan line.
Obſerve the youth who firſt appears in ſight,
And holds the neareſt ſtation to the light,
Already ſeems to ſnuff the vital air,
And leans juſt forward on a ſhining ſpear;
Silvius is he: thy laſt-begotten race,
But firſt in order ſent, to fill thy place.
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:
Born in the covert of a ſhady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy ſurviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a ſolitary life.
In Alba he ſhall fix his royal ſeat:
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endleſs fame.
And ſecond Silvius after theſe appears;
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears,
For arms and juſtice equally renown'd:
Who, late reſtor'd, in Alba ſhall be crown'd.
How great they look, how vigorouſly they wield
Their weighty lances, and ſuſtain the ſhield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and ſtrong Fidenæ rear:
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia found;
And raiſe Colatian towers on rocky ground.
All theſe ſhall then be towns of mighty fame,
Though now they lie obſcure, and lands without a name.

See Romulus the great, born to reſtore
The crown that once his injur'd grandſire wore.
This prince, a prieſteſs of your blood ſhall bear;
And, like his ſire, in arms he ſhall appear.
Two riſing creſts his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himſelf to godhead born.
His ſire, already, ſigns him for the ſkies,
And marks the ſeat amidſt the deities.
Auſpicious chief! thy race in times to come
Shall ſpread the conqueſt of imperial Rome.
Rome, whoſe aſcending towers ſhall heaven invade;
Involving earth and ocean in her ſhade.
High as the mother of the gods in place;
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then when in pomp ſhe makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd,
A hundred gods her ſweeping train ſupply;
Her offspring all, and all command the ſky.
Now fix your ſight, and ſtand intent, to ſee
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Cæſar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and graſps his promis'd power.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Cæſar himſelf, exalted in his line;
Auguſtus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;
Born to reſtore a better age of gold.
Afric and India ſhall his power obey,
He ſhall extend his propagated ſway
Beyond the ſolar year, without the ſtarry way.

Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around:
And his broad ſhoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his fore-ſeen approach, already quake
The Caſpian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.
Their ſeers behold the tempeſts from afar,
And threatening oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his ſeven-fold gates,
And ſeeks his hidden ſpring, and fears his nephew fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,
Not though the brazen-footed hind he ſlew;
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore.
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Niſus' top deſcending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet through dangers to purſue
The paths of honour, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears,
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a cenſer bears?
His hoary head and holy veſtments bring
His loft idea back: I know the Roman king.
He ſhall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain:
Call'd from his mean abode, a ſceptre to ſuſtain.
Him Tullus next in dignity ſucceeds;
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He ſhall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Diſus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of ſword, his crown he ſhall increaſe,
And ſcour his armour from the ruſt of peace.

Whom Antus follows, with a fawning air
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings: th' avenging ſword
Of Brutus juſtly drawn, and Rome reſtor'd.
He firſt renews the rods, and ax ſevere;
And gives the conſuls royal robes to wear.
His ſons, who ſeek the tyrant to ſuſtain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy ſcourg'd, in open ſight,
He dooms to death deſerv'd: aſſerting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cauſe!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is underſtood,
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good:
The conſul, not the father, ſheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the ſame track purſue;
And next, the two devoted Decii view.
The Druſian line, Camillus loaded home
With ſtandards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome.
The pair you ſee in equal armour ſhine;
(Now, friends below, in cloſe embraces join:
But when they leave the ſhady realms of night,
And, cloath'd in bodies, breathe your upper light),
With mortal heat each other ſhall purſue:
What wars, what wounds, what ſlaughter, ſhall enſue.
From Alpine heights the father firſt deſcends;
His daughter's huſband in the plain attends:
His daughter's huſband arms his eaſtern friends.

Embrace again, my ſons; be foes no more:
Nor ſtain your country with her children's gore.
And thou, the firſt, lay down thy lawleſs claim;
Thou, of my blood, who bear'ſt the Julian name.
Another comes, who ſhall in triumph ride,
And to the capitol his chariot guide;
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian ſpoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos ſhall impoſe the Roman laws:
And, on the Greeks, revenge the Trojan cauſe:
Shall drag in chains their Achillæan race;
Shall vindicate his anceſtors diſgrace:
And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conquering Coſſus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi, who declare
The Scipios' worth, thoſe thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can ſee,
Without eſteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can ceaſe t' admire
The Ploughman conſul in his coarſe attire!
Tir'd as I am, my praiſe the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greateſt of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to ſave the ſinking ſtate,
And, by delays, to put a ſtop to fate!
Let others better mould the running maſs
Of medals, and inform the breathing braſs;
And, ſoften into fleſh a marble face:
Plead better at the bar; deſcribe the ſkies,
And when the ſtars deſcend, and when they riſe.

But,

But, Rome, 'tis thine alone with awful ſway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey;
Diſpoſing peace, and war, thy own majeſtic way.
To tame the proud, the fetter'd ſlave to free;
Theſe are imperial arts, and worthy thee.
He paus'd: and while with wondering eyes they view'd
The paſſing ſpirits, thus his ſpeech renew'd:
See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal ſpoils!
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)
Requires his courage, and his conquering arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright:
Shall kill the Gauliſh king in ſingle fight:
Then, to the capitol in triumph move,
And the third ſpoils ſhall grace Feretrian Jove.
Æneas, here, beheld of form divine
A godlike youth, in glittering armour ſhine;
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face:
He ſaw, and, wondering, aſk'd his airy guide,
What, and of whence was he, who preſs'd the hero's ſide?
His ſon, or one of his illuſtrious name,
How like the former, and almoſt the ſame:
Obſerve the crowds that compaſs him around:
All gaze, and all admire, and raiſe a ſhouting ſound:
But hovering miſts around his brows are ſpread,
And night, with ſable ſhades, involves his head.
Seek not to know (the ghoſt reply'd with tears)
The ſorrows of thy ſons in future years.

This

This youth (the bliſsful viſion of a day)
Shall juſt be ſhown on earth, and ſnatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman ſtate;
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men ſhall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile ſhall yield!
What funeral pomp ſhall floating Tiber ſee,
When, riſing from his bed, he views the ſad ſolemnity!
No youth ſhall equal hopes of glory give:
No youth afford ſo great a cauſe to grieve.
The Trojan honour, and the Roman boaſt;
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when loſt!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe unpuniſh'd in the fighting field,
Shall dare thee foot to foot, with ſword and ſhield:
Much leſs, in arms oppoſe thy matchleſs force,
When thy ſharp ſpurs ſhall urge thy foaming horſe.
Ah, couldſt thou break through fate's ſevere decree,
A new Marcellus ſhall ariſe in thee!
Full caniſters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roſes of the ſpring:
Let me with funeral flowers his body ſtrow,
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at leaſt I may beſtow!
Thus having ſaid, he led the hero round
The confines of the bleſt Elyſian ground,
Which, when Anchiſes to his ſon had ſhown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,

He

He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
The ſtrength and cuſtoms of the Latian ſtate:
The prince, and people: and fore-arms his care
With rules, to puſh his fortune, or to bear.
Two gates the ſilent houſe of ſleep adorn;
Of poliſh'd ivory this, that of tranſparent horn;
True viſions through tranſparent horn ariſe;
Through poliſh'd ivory paſs deluding lies.
Of various things diſcourſing as he paſs'd,
Anchiſes hither bends his ſteps at laſt.
Then, through the gate of ivory, he diſmiſs'd
His valiant offspring, and divining gueſt.
Straight to the ſhips Æneas took his way;
Embark'd his men, and ſkim'd along the ſea:
Still coaſting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his gallies moor:
Their heads are turn'd to ſea, their ſterns to ſhore.

THE

THE SEVENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promiſes him his only daughter, Lavinia, the heireſs of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and ſtirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Meſſapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whoſe forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!
Here dying, to the ſhore haſt left thy name;
Caieta ſtill the place is called from thee,
The nurſe of great Æneas' infancy.
Here reſt thy bones in rich Heſperia's plains,
Thy name ('tis all a ghoſt can have) remains.
Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,
He ploughed the Tyrrhene ſeas with ſails diſplay'd.

From

From land a gentle breeze aroſe by night,
Serenely ſhone the ſtars, the moon was bright,
And the ſea trembled with her ſilver light.
Now near the ſhelves of Circe's ſhores they run
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the ſun),
A dangerous coaſt: the goddeſs waſtes her days
In joyous ſongs, the rocks reſound her lays:
In ſpinning, or the loom, ſhe ſpends the night,
And cedar brands ſupply her father's light.
From hence were heard (rebellowing to the main)
The roars of lions that refuſe the chain,
The grunts of briſtled boars; and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that ſtun the ſailors ears.
Theſe from their caverns, at the cloſe of night,
Fill the ſad iſle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's power
(That watch'd the moon, and planetary hour)
With words and wicked herbs, from human kind
Had alter'd, and in wicked ſhapes confin'd.
Which monſters, leſt the Trojans pious hoſt
Should bear or touch upon th' inchanted coaſt:
Propitious Neptune ſteer'd their courſe by night,
With riſing gales, that ſped their happy flight.
Supply'd with theſe, they ſkim the ſounding ſhore,
And hear the ſwelling ſurges vainly roar.
Now when the roſy morn began to riſe,
And weav'd her ſaffron ſtreamer through the ſkies;
When Thetis bluſh'd in purple, not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds are blown,

A ſudden ſilence ſate upon the ſea,
And, ſweeping oars, with ſtruggling, urge their v
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with ſhades and a brown horror ſto
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his courſe,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward f
That drove the ſand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the ſea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood;
That bath'd within, or baſk'd upon his ſide,
To tuneful ſongs their narrow throats apply'd,
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide through the gloomy ſhade, and leave the n
Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inſpire,
And fill his ſoul with thy celeſtial fire.
Relate what Latium was: her ancient kings:
Declare the paſt, and preſent ſtate of things:
When firſt the Trojan fleet Auſonia ſought;
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought,
Theſe are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man.
For I ſhall ſing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage:
And haughty ſouls, that, mov'd with mutual ha
In fighting fields purſued and found their fate:
That rouz'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarm
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger ſcene of action is diſplay'd,
And, riſing hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long poſſeſs'd
The Latium ſceptre, and his people bleſs'd:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother, fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus, Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as heaven decreed,
Was bleſs'd with no male iſſue to ſucceed:
His ſons in blooming youth were ſnatch'd by fate:
One only daughter heir'd the royal ſtate.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the reſt,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid addreſs'd.
Turnus, for high deſcent and graceful mien,
Was firſt, and favour'd by the Latian queen:
With him ſhe ſtrove to join Lavinia's hand;
But dire portents the purpos'd match withſtand.
Deep in the palace, of long growth, there ſtood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whoſe holy hair
Was kept, and cut with ſuperſtitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd:
And laſt, in honour of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god,
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy)
A ſwarm of bees that cut the liquid ſky,

Unknown

Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,
Upon the topmaſt branch in clouds alight:
There, with their claſping feet together clung,
And a long cluſter from the laurel hung.
An ancient Augur propheſy'd from hence:
Behold on Latian ſhores a foreign prince!
From the ſame parts of heaven his navy ſtands,
To the ſame parts on earth: his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and ſtood beſide her ſire;
Strange to relate, the flames involv'd the ſmoke
Of incenſe, from the ſacred altar broke:
Caught her diſhevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crowns and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to ſpread,
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the ſeer with wonder views;
Then pauſing thus, his prophecy renews:
The nymph who ſcatters flaming fires around,
Shall ſhine with honour, ſhall herſelf be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War ſhall the country waſte, and change the ſtate.
Latinus frighted with this dire oſtent,
For counſel to his father Faunus went:
And ſought the ſhades renown'd for prophecy,
Which near Albunea's ſulphurous fountain lie.
To thoſe the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when diſtreſs'd, and thence relief demand.

The

eſt on ſkins of offerings takes his eaſe;
ghtly viſions in his ſlumber ſees:
n of thin aërial ſhapes appears,
ıttering round his temples, deafs his ears:
e conſults, the future fates to know,
wers above, and from the fiends below.
or the god's advice, Latinus flies,
a hundred ſheep for ſacrifice:
oolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
beneath him, and to reſt retir'd.
er were his eyes in ſlumber bound,
from above, a more than mortal ſound
his ears: and thus the viſion ſpoke:
, my ſeed, in Latian bands to yoke
Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
n ſon upon the ſhore deſcends,
nartial fame from pole to pole extends.
in arms, and arts of peace renown'd,
um ſhall contain, nor Europe bound:
irs whate'er the ſun ſurveys around.
ıſwers in the ſilent night receiv'd,
g himſelf divulg'd, the land believ'd:
ıc through all the neighbouring nations flew,
ow the Trojan navy was in view.
th a ſhady tree the hero ſpread
e on the turf, with cakes of bread;
ith his chiefs, on foreſt fruits he fed.
te, and (not without the god's command)
omely fare diſpatch'd: the hungry band

Invade their trenchers next, and ſoon devour,
To mend the ſcanty meal, their cakes of flower.
Aſcanius this obſerv'd, and, ſmiling ſaid,
See, we devour the plates on which we fed.
The ſpeech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repoſe, and this the time and place.
Æneas took the word, and thus replies:
(Confeſſing fate with wonder in his eyes)
All hail, O earth! all hail my houſhold gods,
Behold the deſtin'd place of your abodes!
For thus Anchiſes propheſy'd of old,
And this our fatal place of reſt foretold.
"When on a foreign ſhore, inſtead of meat,
"By famine forc'd, your trenchers you ſhall eat,
"Then eaſe your weary Trojans will attend:
"And the long labours of your voyage end.
"Remember on that happy coaſt to build:
"And with a trench incloſe the fruitful field."
This was that famine, this the fatal place,
Which ends the wandering of our exil'd race.
Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ
To ſearch the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men: but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove, and after Jove is bleſt,
Call great Anchiſes to the genial feaſt:
Crown high the goblets with a chearful draught;
Enjoy the preſent hour; adjourn the future thought.
Thus having ſaid, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows:

Adorn

Adoring firſt the genius of the place,
Then earth, the mother of the heavenly race;
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And night, and all the ſtars that gild her ſable throne:
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove;
And laſt his ſire below, and mother queen above.
Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud;
And thrice he ſhook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew:
The time was come their city to renew:
Then every brow with chearful green is crown'd,
The feaſts are doubled, and the bowls go round.
When next the roſy morn diſclos'd the day,
The ſcouts to ſeveral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives names, their towns, explore
The coaſt, and trendings of the crooked ſhore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus ſtands,
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who ſought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raiſe,
A hundred youths from all his train ſelects,
And to the Latian court their courſe directs
(The ſpacious palace where the prince reſides):
And all their heads with wreaths of olives hides.
They go commiſſion'd to require a peace;
And carry preſents to procure acceſs.
Thus while they ſpeed their pace, the prince deſigns
The new-elected ſeat, and draws the lines:
The Trojans round the place a rampart caſt,
And paliſades about the trenches plac'd.

Mean time the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town, and lofty towers ſurvey:
At length approach the walls: without the gate
They ſee the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the duſty plain:
Some drive the cars, and ſome the courſers rein;
Some bend the ſtubborn bow for victory:
And ſome with darts their active ſinews try.
A poſting meſſenger diſpatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop, advis'd their aged prince;
That foreign men, of mighty ſtature, came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and aſcends
His regal ſeat, ſurrounded by his friends.
The palace built by Picus, vaſt and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars ſtood!
And round encompaſs'd with a riſing wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the ſight,
Surpriz'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of ſovereign power:
In ſtate the monarch march'd, the lictors bore
Their awful axes, and the rods before.
Here the tribunal ſtood, the houſe of prayer;
And here the ſacred ſenators repair:
All at large tables, in long order ſet,
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandſires ſtood.
Old Saturn, with his crooked ſcythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony:

And ancient Janus, with his double face,
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There ſtood Sabinus, planter of the vines;
On a ſhort pruning-hook his head reclines:
And ſtudiouſly ſurveys his generous wines.
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honourable wounds from battle brought.
Around the poſts hung helmets, darts, and ſpears,
And captive chariots, axes, ſhields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ſhips, the trophies of their wars.
Above the reſt, as chief of all the band.
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long-divining wand.
Girt in his gabin gown the hero ſate:
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate.
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to diſdain:
Then mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart.
Conſtrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly
With party-colour'd plumes, a chattering-pye.
In this high temple, on a chair of ſtate,
The ſeat of audience, old Latinus ſate;
Then gave admiſſion to the Trojan train,
And thus, with pleaſing accents, he began:
Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own;
Nor is your courſe upon our coaſts unknown;
Say what you ſeek, and whither were you bound?
Were you by ſtreſs of weather caſt a-ground?

Such dangers of the ſea are often ſeen,
And oft befal to miſerable men.
Or come, your ſhipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and diſabled in ſo long a way?
Say what you want; the Latians you ſhall find
Not forc'd to goodneſs, but by will inclin'd;
For ſince the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hoſpitable cuſtoms we retain.
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told; that Dardanus, though born
On Latian plains, yet ſought the Phrygian ſhore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before:
From Tuſcan Coritum he claim'd his birth.
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence aſcended to his kindred ſkies,
A god, and as a god augments their ſacrifice.
He ſaid. Ilioneus made this reply:
O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintery winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the ſtars our wandering courſe betray.
Willing we ſought your ſhores, and hither bound,
The port ſo long deſir'd, at length we found.
From our ſweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greateſt that the ſun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above,
And as our race, our king deſcends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admiſſion in your happy land.
How dire a tempeſt, from Mycenæ pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;

What

What was the waſte of war, what dire alarms
Shook Aſia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n ſuch have heard, if any ſuch there be,
Whoſe earth is bounded by the frozen ſea:
And ſuch as born beneath the burning ſky,
And ſultry ſun betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, through the watery waſte,
Such length of years, ſuch various perils paſt:
At laſt eſcap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may ſpare;
The common water, and the common air.
Sheds which ourſelves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and ſerve our baniſh'd gods.
Nor our admiſſion ſhall your realm diſgrace,
Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Beſides what endleſs honour you ſhall gain
To ſave and ſhelter Troy's unhappy train.
Now, by my ſovereign, and his fate, I ſwear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands deſir'd,
And what we ſeek of you, of us requir'd.
Deſpiſe not then, that in our hands we bear
Theſe holy boughs, and ſue with words of prayer.
Fate and the gods, by their ſupreme command,
Have doom'd our ſhips to ſeek the Latian land.
To theſe abodes our fleet Apollo ſends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends.
Where Thuſcan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy ſource.

Beſides, our prince preſents, with his requeſt,
Some ſmall remains of what his fire poſſeſs'd.
This golden charger, ſnatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchiſes did in ſacrifice employ;
This royal robe, and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden ſceptre bore
In full aſſemblies, and in ſolemn games;
Theſe purple veſts were weav'd by Dardan dames.
Thus while he ſpoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd awhile upon the ground.
Intent he ſeem'd, and anxious in his breaſt;
Not by the ſceptre mov'd, or kingly veſt:
But pondering future things of wondrous weight:
Succeſſion, empire, and his daughter's fate:
On theſe he mus'd within his thoughtful mind;
And then reſolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To ſhare his ſceptre, and Lavinia's bed.
This was the race that ſure portents foreſhew
To ſway the world, and land and ſea ſubdue.
At length he rais'd his chearful head and ſpoke:
The powers, ſaid he, the powers we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpoſe with their augury.
Have what you aſk: your preſents I receive;
Land where, and when you pleaſe, with ample leave;
Partake and uſe my kingdom as your own;
It ſhall be yours, while I command the crown.
And if my wiſh'd alliance pleaſe your king,
Tell him he ſhould not ſend the peace, but bring:

Then let him not a friend's embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Beſides this anſwer, tell my royal gueſt,
I add to his commands my own requeſt:
One only daughter heirs my crown and ſtate,
Whom, not our oracles, nor heaven, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th' Auſonian line.
A foreign ſon-in-law ſhall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war:
Whoſe race ſhall bear aloft the Latian name,
And through the conquer'd world diffuſe our fame.
Himſelf to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and what I judge, deſire.
He ſaid, and then on each beſtow'd a ſteed;
Three hundred horſes, in high ſtables fed,
Stood ready, ſhining all, and ſmoothly dreſs'd,
Of theſe he choſe the faireſt and the beſt,
To mount the Trojan troop; at his command,
The ſteeds caparison'd with purple ſtand:
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ, betwixt their teeth, the foaming gold.
Then to his abſent gueſt the king decreed
A pair of courſers born of heavenly breed:
Who from their noſtrils breath'd ethereal fire;
Whom Circe ſtole from her celeſtial ſire;
By ſubſtituting mares, produc'd on earth,
Whoſe wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
Theſe draw the chariot which Latinus ſends;
And the rich preſent to the prince commends.

Sublime

Sublime on ſtately ſteeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.
But jealous Juno, from Pachymus' height,
As ſhe from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful ſight.
She ſaw the Trojan and his joyful train
Deſcend upon the ſhore, deſert the main!
Deſign a town, and, with unhop'd ſucceſs,
Th' embaſſadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, ſhe ſhook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward ſoul, and thus ſhe ſaid:
O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fate of Troy, which Juno's fates oppoſe!
Could they not fall unpity'd, on the plain,
But ſlain revive, and taken, 'ſcape again?
When execrable Troy in aſhes lay,
Through fires, and ſwords, and ſeas, they forc'd their way.
Then vanquiſh'd Juno muſt in vain contend,
Her rage diſarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathleſs and tir'd, is all my fury ſpent,
Or does my glutted ſpleen at length relent?
As if 'twere little from their town to chace,
I through the ſeas purſued their exil'd race:
Engag'd the heavens, oppos'd the ſtormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempeſts rag'd in vain.
What have my Scylla's and my Syrtes done,
When theſe they overpaſs, and thoſe they ſhun?
On Tiber's ſhores they land, ſecure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the ſtorm's and Juno's hate.

Mars could in mutual blood the centaurs bathe,
And Jove himſelf gave way to Cynthia's wrath:
Who ſent the tuſky boar to Calydon:
What great offence had either people done?
But I, the conſort of the thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unſucceſsful war:
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native power prevail not, ſhall I doubt
To ſeek for needful ſuccour from without?
If Jove and heaven my juſt deſires deny,
Hell ſhall the power of Heaven and Jove ſupply.
Grant that the fates have firm'd by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:
At leaſt I can defer the nuptial day,
And, with protracted wars, the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance ſhall be bought;
And both the people near deſtruction brought.
So ſhall the ſon-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waſte of either line.
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutilian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand,
Another queen brings forth another brand;
To burn with foreign fires her native land!
A ſecond Paris, differing but in name,
Shall fire his country with a ſecond flame.
Thus having ſaid, ſhe ſinks beneath the ground
With furious haſte, and ſhoots the Stygian ſound;

To

To rouze Alecto from th' infernal ſeat
Of her dire ſiſters, and their dark retreat.
This fury fit for her intent ſhe choſe,
One who delights in wars, and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own miſ-ſhapen race
Her ſiſter-furies fly her hideous face:
So frightful are the forms the monſter takes,
So fierce the hiſſings of her ſpeckled ſnakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her ſpite:
O virgin daughter of eternal night,
Give me this once thy labour, to ſuſtain
My right, and execute my juſt diſdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince:
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno ſuffer in her fame.
'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a ſtate,
Betwixt the deareſt friends to raiſe debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch diſplays,
And forms a thouſand ills ten thouſand ways.
Now ſhake from out thy fruitful breaſt the ſeeds
Of envy, diſcord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace eſtabliſh'd, and prepare
Their ſouls to hatred, and their hands to war.
Smear'd as ſhe was with black Gorgonean blood,
The fury ſprang above the Stygian flood:
And on her wicker wings, ſublime through night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight.

There

There fought the queen's apartments, ſtood before
The peaceful threſhold, and beſieg'd the door.
Reſtleſs Amata lay, her ſwelling breaſt
Fir'd with diſdain for Turnus diſpoſſeſt,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan gueſt.
From her black, bloody locks the fury ſhakes
Her darling plague, the favourite of her ſnakes:
With her full force ſhe threw the poiſonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart:
That thus envenom'd ſhe might kindle rage,
And ſacrifice to ſtrife her houſe and huſband's age.
Unſeen, unfelt, the fiery ſerpent ſkims
Betwixt her linen, and her naked limbs.
His baleful breath inſpiring as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides;
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And, with her circling volumes, folds her hairs.
At firſt the ſilent venom ſlid with eaſe,
And ſeiz'd her cooler ſenſes by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected maſs was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents ſhe began the war:
And thus beſpoke her huſband: Shall, ſhe ſaid,
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her deſert:
I know, my deareſt lord, the time will come,
You would, in vain, reverſe your cruel doom:
The faithleſs pirate ſoon will ſet to ſea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!

A gueſt

A gueſt like him, a Trojan gueſt before,
In ſhew of friendſhip, ſought the Spartan ſhore;
And raviſh'd Helen from her huſband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word:
And think on Turnus, her once-plighted lord:
To this falſe foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinſman, and a ſon.
Reſume your ancient care; and if the god,
Your ſire, and you, reſolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger ſenſe,
Not born your ſubjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then if the line of Turnus you retrace;
He ſprings from Inachus of Argive race.
But when ſhe ſaw her reaſon illy ſpent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the ſnake poſſeſs'd
Her vital parts, and poiſon'd all her breaſt;
She raves, ſhe runs, with a diſtracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young ſtriplings whip the top for ſport,
On the ſmooth pavement of an empty court,
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamours, of the beardleſs rout,
They laſh aloud, each other they provoke,
And lend their little ſouls at every ſtroke:
Thus fares the queen, and thus her fury blows
Amidſt the crowds, and kindles as ſhe goes.
Not yet content, ſhe ſtrains her malice more,
And adds new ills to thoſe contriv'd before:

She

She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along:
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus! cry'd aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
Evoe, O Bacchus! thus began the song,
And Evoe! answer'd all the female throng:
O virgin! worthy thee alone, she cry'd;
O worthy thee alone, the crew reply'd;
For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with the winding ivy wreaths her lance.
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
All seek the mountains and forsake the town:
All clad in skins of beasts the javelin bare,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair:
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.
The queen, herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine:
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song!
Iö ye Latian dames, if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here, she said, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain,
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.
Amata's breast the fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades.

Then

Then when ſhe found her venom ſpread ſo far,
The royal houſe embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her duſky wings ſhe cleaves the ſkies,
And ſeeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold:
Who fled her father's rage, and with a train
Of following Argives, through the ſtormy main,
Driv'n by the ſouthern blaſts, was fated here to reign.
'Twas Ardua once, now Ardea's name it bears
Once a fair city, now conſum'd with years.
Here in his lofty palace Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in ſleep: the fury laid aſide
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods try'd
The foulneſs of the infernal form to hide.
Prop'd on a ſtaff, ſhe takes the trembling mien,
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obſcene:
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek ſhe draws,
Sunk are her eyes, and toothleſs are her jaws:
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Calibe, who kept the ſacred fane
Of Juno, now ſhe ſeem'd, and thus began:
Appearing in a dream, to rouze the careleſs man.
Shall Turnus then ſuch endleſs toil ſuſtain,
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize?
Uſurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?

The

The bride and ſceptre which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers, and foreign heirs are ſought:
Go now, deluded man, and ſeek again
New toils, new dangers, on the duſty plain.
Repel the Tuſcan foes, their city ſeize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious eaſe.
This dream all-powerful Juno ſends; I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
Haſte, arm your Ardeans, iſſue to the plain,
With faith to friend, aſſault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtleſs chiefs, their painted ſhips that lie
In Tiber's mouth, with fire and ſword deſtroy.
The Latian king, unleſs he ſhall ſubmit,
Own his old poomiſe, and his new forget;
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he diſdains to love.
For ſuch is heaven's command. The youthful prince
With ſcorn reply'd; and made this bold defence:
You tell me, mother, what I knew before;
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the ſhore:
I neither fear, nor will provoke, the war:
My fate is Juno's moſt peculiar care,
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd, in your lonely cell:
Go, be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit the men the thought of peace and war.
  Theſe haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frighted Turnus trembled as ſhe ſpoke.
Her eyes grew ſtiffen'd and with ſulphur burn,
Her hideous looks, and helliſh form return:

Her curling ſnakes with hiſſings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face!
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She caſt him backward as he ſtrove to riſe,
And, lingering, ſought to frame ſome new replies.
High on her head ſhe rears two twiſted ſnakes;
Her chain ſhe rattles, and her whip ſhe ſhakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly ſpeaks:
Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms, imagin'd in her lonely cell:
Behold the fates' infernal miniſter;
War, death, deſtruction, in my hand I bear.
Thus having ſaid, her ſmouldering torch impreſs'd
With her full force, ſhe plung'd into his breaſt.
Aghaſt he wak'd, and, ſtarting from his bed,
Cold ſweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erſpread:
Arms, arms, he cries, my ſword and ſhield prepare;
He breathes defiance; blood, and mortal war.
So when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom riſe:
Above their brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.
The peace polluted thus, a choſen band
He firſt commiſſions to the Latian land.
In threatening embaſſy: then rais'd the reſt,
To meet in arms th' intruding Trojan gueſt:
To force the foes from the Lavinian ſhore,
And Italy's endanger'd peace reſtore;
Himſelf alone, an equal match he boaſts,
To fight the Phrygian and Auſonian hoſts.

The gods invok'd, the Rutili prepare
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.
His beauty theſe, and thoſe his blooming age,
The reſt his houſe, and his own fame engage.
While Turnus urges thus his enterprize,
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies:
New frauds invents, and takes a ſteepy ſtand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Aſcanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the ſhady plain.
The fury fires the pack; they ſnuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry noſtrils with the ſcent.
'Twas of a well-grown ſtag, whoſe antlers riſe
High o'er his front, his beams invade the ſkies:
From this light cauſe, th' infernal maid prepares
The country churls to miſchief, hate, and wars.
The ſtately beaſt, the two Tyrrhedæ bred,
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did their fodder bring;
Tyrrheus chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their ſiſter Sylvia cheriſh'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns: with ribbons ty'd
His tender neck, and comb'd his ſilken hide;
And bath'd his body. Patient of command,
In time he grew, and growing us'd to hand.
He waited at his maſter's board for food;
Then ſought his ſavage kindred in the wood:

Where, gazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.
This houſhold beaſt, that us'd the woodland groun
Was view'd at firſt by the young hero's hounds;
As down the ſtream he ſwam, to ſeek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat,
Aſcanius, young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels through his panting ſides.
The bleeding creature iſſues from the floods,
Poſſeſs'd with fear, and ſeeks his known abodes;
His old familiar hearth, and houſhold gods.
He falls, he fills the houſe with heavy groans;
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Sylvia beats her breaſt, and cries aloud
For ſuccour from the clowniſh neighbourhood:
The churls aſſemble; for the fiend who lay
In the cloſe woody covert urg'd their way.
One with a brand, yet burning from the flame;
Arm'd with a knotty club, another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an inſtrument of war.
Tyrrheus, the foſter-father of the beaſt,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fiſt:
But held his hand from the deſcending ſtroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.
And now the goddeſs, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,

Aſcends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian ſhepherds borne,
Adds all her breath; the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal ſound.
The ſacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and ſulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blaſt, the ſignal of the war.
Young mothers wildly ſtare, with fear poſſeſs'd,
And ſtrain their helpleſs infants to their breaſt.
The clowns, a boiſterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haſte to the loud ſummons flew.
The powers of Troy, then iſſuing on the plain,
With freſh recruits their youthful chief ſuſtain:
Nor theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At firſt, while fortune favour'd neither ſide,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was try'd:
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming ſwords and brazen ſhields.
A ſhining harveſt either hoſt diſplays,
And ſhoots againſt the ſun with equal rays.
Thus when a black-brow'd guſt begins to riſe,
White foam at firſt on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the ſkies:
Till, by the fury of the ſtorm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
Firſt Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldeſt care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the diſtant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon ſtood,
And ſtop'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.

Huge heaps of ſlain around the body riſe;
Among the reſt, the rich Galeſus lies:
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,
Amidſt the madneſs of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his paſtures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.
Thus, while in equal ſcales their fortune ſtood,
The fury bath'd them in each other's blood.
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promiſe to the ſkies,
To Juno thus ſhe ſpeaks: Behold, 'tis done;
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The diſcord is complete, nor can they ceaſe
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now ſince the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have taſted vengeance, and the ſweets of blood,
Speak, and my power ſhall add this office more;
The neighbouring nations of th' Auſonian ſhore
Shall hear the dreadful rumour from afar,
Of arm'd invaſion, and embrace the war.
Then Juno thus: The grateful work is done;
The ſeeds of diſcord ſow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury, have poſſeſs'd the ſtate,
And fix'd the cauſes of a laſting hate:
A bloody Hymen ſhall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Auſonian line:
But thou with ſpeed to night and hell repair,
For not the gods nor angry Jove will bear
Thy lawleſs wandering walks in upper air.

Leave what remains to me, Saturnia ſaid :
The ſullen fiend her ſounding wings diſplay'd,
Unwilling left the light, and ſought the nether ſhade.

In midſt of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake, Amſanctus is the name,
Below the lofty mounts : on either ſide
Thick foreſts the forbidden entrance hide :
Full in the centre of the ſacred wood
An arm ariſes of the Stygian flood ;
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing ſound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling ſtones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the fury flies ;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labouring ſkies.
Saturnian Juno, now, with double care,
Attends the fatal proceſs of the war.
The clowns return'd from battle bear the ſlain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corpſe of Almon and the reſt are ſhown,
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the preſs appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears :
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A ſolemn promiſe made, and diſavow'd ;
A foreign ſon is ſought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.
Then they, whoſe mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with diſhevel'd hair ;

Increaſe the clamour, and the war demand
(Such was Amata's intereſt in the land).
Againſt the public ſanctions of the peace;
Againſt all omens of their ill ſucceſs;
With fates averſe, the rout in arms reſort,
To force their monarch, and inſult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempeſt and the riſing waves,
Prop'd on himſelf he ſtands: his ſolid ſides
Waſh off the ſea-weeds, and the ſounding tides:
So ſtood the pious prince unmov'd: and long
Suſtain'd the madneſs of the noiſy throng.
But when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counſel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witneſs their offence,
Diſclaims the war, aſſerts his innocence.
Hurry'd by fate, he cries, and borne before
A furious wind, we leave the faithful ſhore:
O more than madmen! you yourſelves ſhall bear
The guilt of blood and ſacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, ſhalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to heaven for peace; but pray too late.
For me, my ſtormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death ſecurely tend.
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.
He ſaid no more, but, in his walls confin'd,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd:
Nor with the riſing ſtorm would vainly ſtrive,
But left the helm, and let the veſſel drive.

A ſolem

A ſolemn cuſtom was obſerv'd of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold:
Their ſtandard when, in fighting fields, they rear
Againſt the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war:
Or from the boaſting Parthians would regain
Their eagles loſt in Carrhæ's bloody plain:
Two gates of ſteel (the name of Mars they bear)
And ſtill are worſhip'd with religious fear,
Before his temple ſtand: the dire abode,
And the fear'd iſſues of the furious god,
Are fenc'd with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the ſacred ſenate votes the wars,
The Roman conſul their decree declares,
And in his robes the ſounding gates unbars.
The youth in military ſhouts ariſe,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding ſkies.
Theſe rites, of old by ſovereign princes us'd,
Were the king's office, but the king refus'd:
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of ſacred peace, or looſe th' impriſon'd war:
But hid his head, and, ſafe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked miniſtry of arms.
Then heaven's imperious queen ſhot down from high;
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and every falling bar,
And, like a tempeſt, iſſues out the war.
The peaceful cities of th' Auſonian ſhore,
Lull'd in their eaſe, and undiſturb'd before,

Are

Are all on fire; and ſome, with ſtudious care,
Their reſtive ſteeds in ſandy plains prepare:
Some their ſoft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wiſh, and arms the general cry.
Part ſcour the ruſty ſhields with ſeam, and part
New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving enſigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the ſky.
Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian powers,
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,
Ardea the proud, the Cruſtumerian town:
All theſe of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young ſallows to ſupport the ſhield;
The croſlet ſome, and ſome the cuiſhes mould,
With ſilver plated, and with ductile gold.
The ruſtic honours of the ſcythe and ſhare,
Give place to ſwords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old faulchions are new temper'd in the fires:
The ſounding trumpet every ſoul inſpires.
The word is given, with eager ſpeed they lace
The ſhining head-piece, and the ſhield embrace.
The neighing ſteeds are to the chariots ty'd;
The truſty weapon fits on every ſide.
And now the mighty labour is begun,
Ye Muſes, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that ſways th' Auſonian land,
Their arms, and armies under their command:
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What ſoldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.

For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius firſt appear'd upon the plain;
Scorn ſate upon his brows, and ſour diſdain:
Defying earth and heaven: Etruria loſt,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled hoſt.
The charming Lauſus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his ſullen ſire:
To Turnus only ſecond in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face;
A ſkilful horſeman, and a huntſman bred,
With fates averſe a thouſand men he led:
His ſire unworthy of ſo brave a ſon;
Himſelf well worthy of a happier throne.
Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his ſteeds, he ſmokes along the field,
His father's hydra fills the ample ſhield.
A hundred ſerpents hiſs about the brims;
The ſon of Hercules he juſtly ſeems,
By his broad ſhoulders and gigantic limbs.
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For ſtrong Alcides, after he had ſlain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds, and thence in triumph led;
On Tuſcan Tiber's flowery banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine, the ſon of Jove
The prieſteſs Rhea found, and forc'd to love.

For arms his men long piles and javelins bore,
And poles with pointed ſteel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himſelf, his ſon appears,
In ſavage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;
About his ſhoulders hangs the ſhaggy ſkin,
The teeth and gaping jaws ſeverely grin.
Thus like the god his father, homely dreſt,
He ſtrides into the hall, a horrid gueſt.
Then two twin-brothers from fair Tibur came
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name);
Fierce Coras, and Catillus, void of fear,
Arm'd Argive horſe they led, and in the front appear.
Like cloud-born centaurs, from the mountain's height,
With rapid courſe deſcending to the fight,
They ruſh along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their ſweepy ſway.
Nor was Præneſte's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the ſon of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foſter'd in the plains,
A ſhepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country ſwains.
His own Præneſte ſends a choſen band,
With thoſe who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:
Beſides the ſuccour which old Anian yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia ſat, and father Amaſene,
A numerous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor ſwords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot through the duſty field;

But

But whirl from leathern ſtrings huge balls of lead :
And ſpoils of yellow wolves adorn their head :
The left foot naked, when they march to fight ;
But in a bull's raw hide they ſheath the right.
Meſappus next (great Neptune was his ſire),
Secure from ſteel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears ; and with his ardour warms
A heartleſs train, unexercis'd in arms :
The juſt Faliſcians he to battle brings,
And thoſe who live where lake Ciminia ſprings ;
And where Feronia's grove and temple ſtands,
Who till Fæſcennian or Flavinian lands :
All theſe in order march, and marching ſing
The warlike actions of their ſea-born king.
Like a long team of ſnowy ſwans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid ſky,
Which homeward from their watery paſtures borne,
They ſing, and Aſia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their muſic from afar,
Would think theſe troops an army train'd to war :
But flocks of fowl, that when the tempeſts roar,
With their hoarſe gabbling ſeek the ſilent ſhore.
Then Clauſus came, who led a numerous band
Of troops embody'd, from the Sabine land :
And in himſelf alone an army brought.
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot :
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To ſhare the greatneſs of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth of high renown,
Mutuſcans from their olive-bearing town ;

And all th' Eretian powers: beſides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land:
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came.
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And thoſe where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Caſperia ſends her arms, with thoſe that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nurſians come to cloſe the rear:
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia waſhes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion ſets in wintery rain;
Nor thicker harveſt on rich Hermes riſe,
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the ſkies;
Than ſtand theſe troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and ſhakes the ſolid ground.
High in his chariot then Haleſus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born: to Turnus' aid,
A thouſand men the youthful hero led;
Who till the Maſſick ſoil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Aruncans from their hilly ground:
And thoſe who live by Sidicinian ſhores,
And where, with ſhoaly fords, Vulturnus roars;
Cales and Oſea's old inhabitants,
[And rough Saticulans inur'd to wants:

Light

Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Faſten'd with leather thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked ſwords in cloſer fight they wear,
And, on their warding arms, like bucklers bear.
Nor, Oebalus, ſhalt thou be left unſung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon ſprung:
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd,
But that ſhort iſle th' ambitious youth diſdain'd;
And o'er Campania ſtretch'd his ample ſway;
Where ſwelling Sarnus ſeeks the Tyrrhene ſea:
O'er Batulum, and where Abella ſees,
From her high towers, the harveſt of her trees.
And theſe (as was the Teuton uſe of old)
Wield brazen ſwords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty ſtones when from afar they fight:
Their caſques are cork, a covering thick and light.
Next theſe in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain-troops that Nurſia ſent.
The rude Equicolæ his rule obey'd;
Hunting their ſport, and plundering was their trade.
In arms they plough'd, to battle ſtill prepar'd:
Their ſoil was barren, and their hearts were hard.
Umbro the prieſt, the proud Marrubians led,
By king Archippus ſent to Turnus' aid;
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wound of ſerpents, could aſſuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to ſteep
Their temples, ſhut their eyes in pleaſing ſleep.

But vain were Marſian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.
Yet his untimely fate, th' Angitian woods
In ſighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.
The ſon of fam'd Hippolytus was there;
Fam'd as his ſire, and as his mother fair.
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marſhy ſhore:
Where great Diada's peaceful altars flame
In fruitful fields, and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have ſaid,
Was by his ſtepdam ſought to ſhare her bed:
But when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horſes on the ſandy ſhore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore;
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltleſs gore.
But chaſte Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Æſculapian herbs his life reſtor'd.
When Jove, who ſaw from high, with juſt diſdain
The dead inſpir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the centre with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the god-like art.
But Trivia kept in ſecred ſhades alone,
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknowe;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove:
Where then he liv'd obſcure, but ſafe from Jove.
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,
Are courſers driven, who ſhed their maſter's blood
Affrighted by the monſters of the flood.

His

His ſon, the ſecond Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior ſteeds he rein'd.
Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the reſt in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple pile of plumes his creſt adorn'd,
On which, with belching flames, Chimæra burn'd:
The more the kindled combat riſes higher,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Iö grac'd his ſhield, but Iö now
With horns exalted ſtands, and ſeems to lowe:
(A noble charge) her keeper by her ſide,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes apply'd.
And on the brims her ſire, the watery god,
Roll'd from a ſilver urn his cryſtal flood:
A cloud of foot ſucceeds, and fills the fields
With ſwords and pointed ſpears, and clattering ſhields:
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And thoſe who plough the rich Satulian lands;
Auruncan youth, and thoſe Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted ſhields.
And thoſe who near Numician ſtreams reſide,
And thoſe whom Tiber's holy foreſts hide;
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide:
Where Ufens glide along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina ſtands.
Laſt, from the Volſcians fair, Camilla came;
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame:
Unbred to ſpinning, in the loom unſkill'd,
She choſe the nobler Pallas of the field.

Mix'd with the firſt, the fierce virago fought,
Suſtain'd the toils of arms, the danger ſought:
Outſtripp'd the winds in ſpeed upon the plain,
Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She ſwept the ſeas, and as ſhe ſkim'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, ſtupid with ſurpriſe,
Where'er ſhe paſſes, fix their wandering eyes:
Longing they look, and gaping at her ſight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vaſt delight.
Her purple habit ſits with ſuch a grace
On her ſmooth ſhoulders, and ſo ſuits her face:
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd;
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She ſhakes her myrtle javelin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

THE

THE EIGHTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The war being now begun, both the generals make all poſſible preparations. Turnus ſends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in perſon to beg ſuccours from Evander, and the Tuſcans. Evander receives him kindly, furniſhes him with men, and ſends his own ſon Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the requeſt of Venus, makes arms for her ſon Æneas, and draws on his ſhield the moſt memorable actions of his poſterity.

WHEN Turnus had aſſembled all his powers;
His ſtandard planted on Laurentum's towers;
When now the ſprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had given the ſignal of approaching war,
Had rouz'd the neighing ſteeds to ſcour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their ſhields,
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong ruſh to war.

Fierce Uſens, and Meſſapus, led the crowd;
With bold Mezentius, who blaſphem'd aloud.
Theſe, through the country took their waſteful courſe;
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomede they ſend,
To beg his aid Auſonia to defend:
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing ſtorm:
Æneas landed on the Latian coaſt,
With baniſh'd gods, and with a baffled hoſt:
Yet now inſpir'd to conqueſt of the ſtate;
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate.
What numerous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they ſpread his formidable name:
What he deſign'd, what miſchiefs might ariſe,
If fortune favour'd his firſt enterprize,
Was left for him to weigh, whoſe equal fears,
And common intereſt was involv'd in theirs.
While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempeſt which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counſels he deſign'd;
Explores himſelf, in vain, in every part,
And gives no reſt to his diſtracted heart.
So when the ſun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the poliſh'd brass their trembling light,
The glittering ſpecies here and there divide,
And caſt their dubious beams from ſide to ſide:

Now

Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the cieling flaſh the glaring day.
'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd aſleep
The birds of air, and fiſhes of the deep;
And beaſts, and mortal men: the Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppreſs'd with grief,
And found in ſilent ſlumber late relief.
Then through the ſhadows of the poplar wood
Aroſe the father of the Roman flood:
An azure robe was o'er his body ſpread,
A wreath of ſhady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifeſt to ſight, the god appear'd,
And with theſe pleaſing words his ſorrow chear'd:
Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place,
Who, through the foes, haſt borne thy baniſh'd gods,
Reſtor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home! The clime where fate
Ordains thee to reſtore the Trojan ſtate.
Fear not, the war ſhall end in laſting peace;
And all the rage of haughty Juno ceaſe.
And that this nightly viſion may not ſeem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A ſow beneath an oak ſhall lie along,
All white herſelf, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy ſon, Aſcanius, on this empty ſpace
Shall build a royal town, of laſting fame;
Which from this omen ſhall receive the name.

Time ſhall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with ſure ſucceſs to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A baniſh'd band,
Driven with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here; and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Palanteum calls:
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great grandſire's name:
But the fierce Latians old poſſeſſion claim,
With war infeſting the new colony;
Theſe make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free paſſage I ſubmit my ſtreams:
Wake, ſon of Venus, from thy pleaſing dreams:
And, when the ſetting ſtars are loſt in day,
To Juno's power thy juſt devotion pay.
With ſacrifice the wrathful queen appeaſe:
Her pride at length ſhall fall, her fury ceaſe:
When thou return'ſt victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whoſe yellow water flows
Around theſe fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name: among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, eſteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain ſeat: in times to come,
My waves ſhall waſh the walls of mighty Rome.
He ſaid; and plung'd below, while yet he ſpoke,
His dream Æneas and his ſleep forſook.
He roſe, and looking up, beheld the ſkies
With purple bluſhing and the day ariſe.
Then, water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood; and thus the powers beſpoke:

Laurenti

Laurentian nymphs, by whom the ſtreams are fed,
And father Tiber, in thy ſacred bed
Receive Æneas; and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy watery ſtores; where'er they riſe,
And, bubbling from below, ſalute the ſkies,
Thou king of horned floods, whoſe plenteous urn
Suffices fatneſs to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compaſſion of our woes,
Shall ſhare my morning ſong, and evening vows.
But, oh! be preſent to thy people's aid;
And firm the gracious promiſe thou haſt made.
Thus having ſaid, two gallies, from his ſtores,
With care he chooſes; mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the ſhore the fatal ſwine is found:
Wondrous to tell; ſhe lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herſelf, and white her thirty young;
Æneas takes the mother, and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are beſtow'd.
The following night, and the ſucceeding day,
Propitious Tiber ſmooth'd his watery way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he ſtood:
A gentle ſwelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ſhips; they put from ſhore;
Borne on the waves, and ſcarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their courſe,
And the pitch'd veſſels glide with eaſy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of ſhields, and painted ſhips, that ſtem the ſtream.

One ſummer's night, and one whole day they paſs
Betwixt the green-wood ſhades, and cut the liquid glaſs.
The fiery ſun had finiſh'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle ſpace,
When they from far beheld the riſing towers,
The tops of ſheds, and ſhepherds lowly bowers:
Thin as they ſtood, which then of homely clay,
Now riſe in marble, from the Roman ſway.
Theſe cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan ſaw, and turn'd his ſhips to ſhore.
'Twas on a ſolemn day: th' Arcadian ſtates,
The king and prince without the city gates,
Then paid their offerings in a ſacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior ſon of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling ſmoke involve the ſkies;
And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But when they ſaw the ſhips that ſtem'd the flood,
And glitter'd through the covert of the wood,
They roſe with fear, and left th' unfiniſh'd feaſt:
Till dauntleſs Pallas re-aſſur'd the reſt
To pay the rites. Himſelf, without delay,
A javelin ſeiz'd, and ſingly took his way.
Then gain'd a riſing ground; and call'd from far:
Reſolve me, ſtrangers, whence, and what you are;
Your buſineſs here, and bring you peace or war?
High on the ſtern, Æneas took his ſtand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he ſpoke: The Phrygians arms you ſee,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy

By Latian foes, with war unjuſtly made:
At firſt affianc'd, and at laſt betray'd,
This meſſage bear: the Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.
Struck with ſo great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies, Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts: upon our ſhores deſcend,
A welcome gueſt, and, what you wiſh, a friend.
He ſaid; and downward haſting to the ſtrand,
Embrac'd the ſtranger prince, and join'd his hand.
Conducted to the grove, Æneas broke
The ſilence firſt, and thus the king beſpoke:
Beſt of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear theſe peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you; though I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe:
From Atreus though your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother-kings your kindred claim,
Yet, my ſelf-conſcious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, through the neighbouring nations blown.
Our fathers mingled blood, Apollo's voice,
Have led me hither, leſs by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has ſung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra ſprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas whoſe head ſuſtains the ſtarry frame.
Your ſire is Mercury; whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maja bore.
Maja the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who ſuſtains the ſky:

Thus from one common ſource our ſtreams divide:
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Arcadian ſide.
Rais'd by theſe hopes, I ſent no news before,
Nor aſk'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambaſſador.
The ſame Rutulians, who with arms purſue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our hoſt expell'd, what farther force can ſtay
The victor troops from univerſal ſway?
Then will they ſtretch their power athwart the land;
And either ſea from ſide to ſide command.
Receive our offer'd faith; and give us thine:
Ours is a generous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts, nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare.
He ſaid; and while he ſpoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vaſt ſurprize,
Pleas'd with his action, raviſh'd with his face,
Then anſwer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father ſhine,
How I recall Anchiſes, how I ſee
His motions, mien, and all my friend in thee!
Long though it be, 'tis freſh within my mind,
When Priam to his ſiſter's court deſign'd
A welcome viſit, with a friendly ſtay,
And through th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.
Then, paſt a boy, the callow down began
To ſhade my chin, and call me firſt a man.

I ſaw

I ſaw the ſhining train, with vaſt delight,
And Priam's goodly perſon pleas'd my ſight:
But great Anchiſes, far above the reſt,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breaſt.
I long'd to join, in friendſhip's holy bands,
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I firſt accoſted him: I ſued, I ſought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length conſtrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver, and a Gnoſſian bow;
A veſt embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my ſon's courſers in obedience hold.
The league you aſk I offer, as your right:
And when to-morrow's ſun reveals the light,
With ſwift ſupplies you ſhall be ſent away:
Now celebrate, with us, this ſolemn day;
Whoſe holy rites admit no long delay.
Honour our annual feaſt; and take your ſeat
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat.
Thus having ſaid, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd; and ſoon reſtor'd the cheer.
On ſods of turf he ſet the ſoldiers round;
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief: and o'er the bed,
A lion's ſhaggy hide for ornament they ſpread.
The loaves were ſerv'd in caniſters, the wine
In bowls, the prieſt renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food; and beefs continued chine.

But,

But, when the rage of hunger was repreſs'd,
Thus ſpoke Evander to his royal gueſt:
Theſe rites, theſe altars, and this feaſt, O king,
From no vain fears, or ſuperſtition, ſpring;
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance;
Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance:
But ſav'd from danger, with a grateful ſenſe,
The labours of a god we recompenſe.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the ſky,
About whoſe feet ſuch heaps of rubbiſh lie:
Such indigeſted ruin; bleak and bare,
How deſert now it ſtands, expos'd in air!
'Twas once a robber's den; inclos'd around
With living ſtone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monſter Cacus, more than half a beaſt,
This hold, impervious to the ſun, poſſeſs'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door
Vulcan this plague begot: and, like his ſire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load:
And brought the needful preſence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon ſlain;
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the ſhady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent.

The brutal Cacus, as by chance they ſtray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd:
And, leſt the printed footſteps might be ſeen,
He dragg'd them backwards to his rocky den:
The tracts averſe, a lying notice gave,
And led the ſearcher backward from the cave:
Mean time the herdſman hero ſhifts his place,
To find freſh paſture, and untrodden graſs:
The beaſts, who miſs'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks reſtor'd the ſound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.
Alcides found the fraud: with rage he ſhook,
And toſs'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythians arrows flight,
He clomb, with eager haſte, th' aërial height.
Then firſt we ſaw the monſter mend his pace:
Fear in his eyes, and paleneſs in his face,
Confeſs'd the god's approach: trembling he ſprings,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings:
Nor ſtay'd for ſtairs; but down the depth he threw
His body; on his back the door he drew.
The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains.
He broke the heavy links: the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon faſt;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haſte:
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold;
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.

He

He gnaſh'd his teeth; and thrice he compaſs'd round
With winged ſpeed, the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice deſiſted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare, and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back:
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their neſts, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threatening o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left: the hero ſtood
Averſe, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the ſolid ſtone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way: heaven echo'd at the rattling ſhock.
Tumbling it chok'd the flood: on either ſide
The banks leap backward, and the ſtreams divide:
The ſky ſhrunk upward with unuſual dread;
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus ſtands reveal'd to ſight;
The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So pent the vapours with a rumbling ſound
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground:
A ſounding flaw ſucceeds: and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether ſky:
The ghoſts repine at violated night,
And curſe th' invading ſun, and ſicken at the ſight.
The graceleſs monſter, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in deſpair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.

The hero ſtands above; and from afar
Plies him with darts, and ſtones, and diſtant war.
He, from his noſtrils and huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of ſmoke, amidſt his father's fires.
Gathering, with each repeated blaſt, the night:
To make uncertain aim, and erring fight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And where in thickeſt waves the ſparkles drove,
Their lights; and wades through fumes, and gropes his way:
Half ſing'd, half ſtifled, till he graſp'd his prey.
The monſter, ſpewing fruitleſs flames, he found;
He ſqueez'd his throat, he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound.
Then, from their ſockets, tore his burning eyes;
Roll'd on a heap the breathleſs robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the ruſhing day,
And thorough lights diſcloſe the raviſh'd prey.
The bulls redeem'd, breathe open air again:
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wondering neighbourhood, with glad ſurprize,
Beheld his ſhagged breaſt, his giant ſize,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguiſh'd eyes.
From that auſpicious day, with rites divine,
We worſhip at the hero's holy ſhrine.
Potitius firſt ordain'd theſe annual vows,
As prieſts, were added the Pinarian houſe:
Who rais'd this altar in the ſacred ſhade,
Where honours, ever due, for ever ſhall be paid.

For

For theſe deſerts, and this high virtue ſhown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown.
Fill high the goblets with a ſparkling flood:
And, with deep draughts, invoke our common god.
This ſaid, a double wreath Evander twin'd:
And poplars, black and white, his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl: with like deſign
The reſt invoke the god, with ſprinkled wine.
Mean time the ſun deſcended from the ſkies;
And the bright evening-ſtar began to riſe.
And now the prieſts, Potitius at their head,
In ſkins of beaſts involv'd, the long proceſſion led:
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As cuſtom had preſcrib'd their holy bands:
Then with a ſecond courſe the tables load;
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii ſing, and cenſe his altars round
With Saban ſmoke; their heads with poplar bound.
One choir of old, another of the young;
To dance, and bear the burden of the ſong.
The lay records the labour, and the praiſe,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules.
Firſt, how the mighty babe, when ſwath'd in bands,
The ſerpents ſtrangled with his infant hands.
Then, as in years and matchleſs force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan overthrew.
Beſides a thouſand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's, and Euriſtheus' hate.
Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could ſubdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monſter crew.

Nor

Nor thy reſiſtleſs arm the bull withſtood:
Nor he the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian ſeat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet:
And, ſeiz'd with fear, forgot thy mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at the ſight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhœus, nor th' unnumber'd ſnake,
Increas'd with hiſſing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail Jove's undoubted ſon! an added grace
To heaven, and the great author of thy race,
Receive the grateful offerings, which we pay,
And ſmile propitious on thy ſolemn day.
In numbers, thus, they ſung: above the reſt,
The den, and death of Cacus crown the feaſt.
The woods to hollow vales convey the ſound;
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the chearful train retire.
Betwixt young Pallas, and his aged ſire
The Trojan paſs'd, the city to ſurvey;
And pleaſing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The ſtranger caſt around his curious eyes:
New objects viewing ſtill, with new ſurprize.
With greedy joy enquires of various things:
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman towers:
Theſe woods were firſt the ſeat of ſylvan powers,
Of nymphs and fawns, and ſavage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and ſtubborn oak.

Nor law they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of labouring oxen, nor the ſhining ſhare:
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to ſpare.
Their exerciſe the chace: the running flood
Supply'd their thirſt; the trees ſupply'd their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and baniſh'd from above.
The men, diſpers'd on hills, to towns he brought;
And laws ordain'd, and civil cuſtoms taught:
And Latium call'd the land where ſafe he lay
From his unduteous ſon, and his uſurping ſway.
With his mild empire peace and plenty came:
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and diſcolour'd age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Auſonians, then, and bold Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tibris, and the reſt,
With arbitrary ſway, the land oppreſs'd.
For Tiber's flood was Albula before;
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I laſt arriv'd, driv'n from my native home,
By fortune's power, and fate's reſiſtleſs doom.
Long toſs'd on ſeas, I ſought this happy land:
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by heaven's command.

Thus, walking on, he ſpoke: and ſhew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman ſtate;
Where ſtood an altar, ſacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame:

Who

Who to her ſon foretold th' Æthenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place.
Then ſhews the foreſt, which in after-times,
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,
A ſacred refuge made: with this, the ſhrine
Where Pan below the rocks had rites divine.
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd gueſt,
Whoſe grave and tomb his innocence atteſt.
Thence, to the ſteep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold; then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverend fear (ſuch ſuperſtition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then poſſeſs'd the ſwains.
Some god they knew, what god they could not tell,
Did there amidſt the ſacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and ſaid they ſaw
The mighty thunderer with majeſtic awe;
Who ſhook his ſhield, and dealt his bolts around;
And ſcatter'd tempeſts on the teeming ground.
Then ſaw two heaps of ruins; once they ſtood
Two ſtately towns, on either ſide the flood.
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains:
And either place the founder's name retains.
Diſcourſing thus together, they reſort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall,
Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl.
Then, ſtooping, through the narrow gates they preſs'd,
When thus the king addreſs'd his Trojan gueſt:

Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food
Which feasted him; and emulate a god.
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince; and laid him on a bed:
The stuffing, leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now night had shed her silver dews around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun)
Couch'd with her husband, in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian powers,
To level with the ground the Trojan towers;
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore;
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labours of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain.
Though I much ow'd to Priam's house; and more
The danger of Æneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy;
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious power that rules my heart!
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won

To forge impenetrable ſhields; and grace,
With fated arms, a leſs illuſtrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Againſt the relicks of the Phrygian kind:
With fire and ſword my people to deſtroy;
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.
She ſaid; and ſtraight her arms, of ſnowy hue,
About her unreſolving huſband threw.
Her ſoft embraces ſoon infuſe deſire:
His bones and marrow ſudden warmth inſpire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half ſo ſwift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flaſh along the ſkies.
The goddeſs, proud of her ſucceſsful wiles,
And conſcious of her form, in ſecret ſmiles.
Then thus, the power obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half diſſolving in her arms:
Why ſeek you reaſons for a cauſe ſo juſt:
Or your own beauties, or my love diſtruſt?
Long ſince, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labour arms for Troy; nor Jove, nor Fate,
Confin'd their empire to ſo ſhort a date:
And, if you now deſire new wars to wage,
My ſkill I promiſe, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conſpire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely your's: your anxious fears remove:
And think no taſk is difficult to love.

Trembling he ſpoke: and, eager of her charms,
He ſnatch'd the willing goddeſs to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay poſſeſs'd
Of full deſire, and ſunk to pleaſing reſt.
Now when the night her middle race had rode,
And his firſt ſlumber had refreſh'd the god;
The time when early houſewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they ſpread;
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to riſe,
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes;
They ply the diſtaff by the twinkling light;
And to their daily labour add the night.
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread:
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed.
Not leſs concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Roſe from his downy couch the forging power.
Sacred to Vulcan's name an iſle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coaſts and Lipara,
Rais'd high on ſmoking rocks; and deep below,
In hollow caves, the fires of Ætna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud ſtrokes and hiſſings of tormented ſteel
Are heard around: the boiling waters roar;
And ſmoky flames through fuming tunnels ſoar.
Hither, the father of the fire, by night,
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round:
A load of pointleſs thunder now there lies:
Before their hands, to ripen for the ſkies:

Theſe darts for angry Jove they daily caſt;
Conſum'd on mortals with prodigious waſte.
Three rays of writhin rain, of fire three more,
Of winged ſouthern winds, and cloudy ſtore
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame:
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior miniſters for Mars repair
His broken axle-trees and blunted war:
And ſend him forth again with furbiſh'd arms,
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets loud alarms.
The reſt refreſh the ſcaly ſnakes that fold
The ſhield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the creſt the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with diſtorted face.
My ſons, ſaid Vulcan, ſet your taſks aſide;
Your ſtrength, and maſter-ſkill, muſt now be try'd.
Arms for a hero forge: arms that require
Your force, your ſpeed, and all your forming fire.
He ſaid: they ſet their former work aſide,
And their new toils with eager haſte divide.
A flood of molten ſilver, braſs, and gold,
And deadly ſteel in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this their artful hands a ſhield prepare;
Alone ſufficient to ſuſtain the war.
Seven orbs within a ſpacious round they cloſe:
One ſtirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hiſſing ſteel is in the ſmithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time:
By turns their hands deſcend, and hammers chime.

They turn the glowing maſs with crooked tongs:
The fiery work proceeds with ruſtic ſongs.
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labours thus, and ply th' Æolian forge,
The chearful morn ſalutes Evander's eyes;
And ſongs of chirping birds invite to riſe.
He leaves his lowly bed; his buſkins meet
Above his ancles; ſandals ſheath his feet:
He ſets his truſty ſword upon his ſide;
And o'er his ſhoulder throws a panther's hide,
Two menial dogs before their maſter preſs'd:
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he ſeeks his kingueſt.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace;
But meets Æneas in the middle ſpace.
Young Pallas did his father's ſteps attend;
And true Achates waited on his friend.
They join their hands: a ſecret ſeat they chooſe;
Th' Arcadian firſt their former talk renews.
Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire loſt, while you ſurvive.
Command th' aſſiſtance of a faithful friend:
But feeble are the ſuccours I can ſend.
Our narrow kingdom, here the Tiber bounds;
That other ſide the Latian ſtate ſurrounds;
Inſults our walls, and waſtes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your juſt deſign.
You come, as by your better genius ſent;
And fortune ſeems to favour your intent.

Not far from hence there ſtands a hilly town,
Of ancient building and of high renown;
Torn from the Tuſcans by the Lydian race;
Who gave the name of Cære to the place
Once Agyllina call'd: it flouriſh'd long
In pride of wealth, and warlike people ſtrong:
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Aſſum'd the crown, with arbitrary power.
What words can paint thoſe execrable times;
The ſubjects ſufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, thoſe murders, O ye gods! replace
On his own head, and on his impious race:
The living, and the dead, at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand:
Till, chok'd with ſtench, in loth'd embraces ty'd,
The lingering wretches pin'd away, and dy'd.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more;
The people's patience try'd, no longer bore
The raging monſter: but with arms beſet
His houſe, and vengeance and deſtruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame aſcends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd; and, favour'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.
By juſt revenge the Tuſcans ſet on fire,
With arms their king to puniſhment require:
Their numerous troops, now muſter'd on the ſtrand,
My counſel ſhall ſubmit to your command.
Their navy ſwarms upon the coaſt: they cry
To hoiſt their anchors; but the gods deny.

An

An ancient augur, ſkill'd in future fate,
With thoſe foreboding words reſtrains their hate:
Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower
Of Tuſcan youth, and choice of all their power,
Whom juſt revenge againſt Mezentius arms,
To ſeek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this; no native of our land may lead
This powerful people: ſeek a foreign head.
Aw'd with theſe words, in camps they ſtill abide;
And wait, with longing looks, their promis'd guide.
Torchan, the Tuſcan chief, to me has ſent
Their crown, and every regal ornament:
The people join their own with his deſire;
And all, my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and liſtleſs limbs unfit for pains,
And a ſoul conſcious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuſe imperial ſway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne;
And ſhould, but he's a Sabine mother's ſon;
And half a native: but in you combine
A manly vigour, and a foreign line.
Where fate and ſmiling fortune ſhew the way,
Purſue the ready path to ſovereign ſway.
The ſtaff of my declining days, my ſon,
Shall make your good or ill ſucceſs his own.
In fighting fields from you ſhall learn to dare:
And ſerve the hard apprenticeſhip of war.
Your matchleſs courage and your conduct view;
And early ſhall begin t' admire and copy you.

Beſides,

Beſides, two hundred horſe he ſhall command:
Though few, a warlike and well-choſen band.
Theſe in my name are liſted: and my ſon
As many more has added in his own.
Scarce had he ſaid: Achates and his gueſt,
With down-caſt eyes, their ſilent grief expreſt:
Who, ſhort of ſuccours, and in deep deſpair,
Shook at the diſmal proſpect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To chear her iſſue, thunder'd thrice aloud.
Thrice forky lightning flaſh'd along the ſky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear:
And, in a heaven ſerene, refulgent arms appear;
Reddening the ſkies, and glittering all around,
The temper'd metals claſh, and yield a ſilver ſound.
The reſt ſtood trembling, ſtruck with awe divine.
Æneas only conſcious to the ſign,
Preſag'd th' event; and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accompliſh'd promiſe of the queen of love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: This prodigy
(Diſmiſs your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heaven calls me to the war: th' expected ſign
Is given of promis'd aids, and arms divine.
My goddeſs-mother, whoſe indulgent care
Foreſaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave; when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of ſteel by Stygian charms,
Suſpended, ſhone on high: ſhe then foreſhow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.

Turnus

Turnus ſhall dearly pay for faith forſworn:
And corpſe and ſwords, and ſhields on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now ſound the loud alarms,
And Latian troops prepare your perjur'd arms.
He ſaid, and, riſing from his homely throne,
The ſolemn rites of Hercules begun:
And on his altars wak'd the ſleeping fires:
Then chearful to his houſhold gods retires.
There offers choſen ſheep: th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the ſame oblations bring.
Next of his men, and ſhips, he makes review,
Draws out the beſt and ableſt of the crew.
Down with the falling ſtream the refuſe run,
To raiſe with joyful news his drooping ſon.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A ſprightly courſer, fairer than the reſt,
The king himſelf preſents his royal gueſt.
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with ſtudded works, and paws of gold.
Fame through the little city ſpreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breaſts; diſſolve in tears;
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright:
And riſes every moment to the ſight.
Then, old Evander, with a cloſe embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.

Would

Would heaven, ſaid he, my ſtrength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Preneſte's wall,
Then when I made the foremoſt foes retire,
And ſet whole heaps of conquer'd ſhields on fire;
When Herilus in ſingle fight I ſlew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue:
And thrice I ſent him to the Stygian ſhore;
Till the laſt ebbing ſoul return'd no more:
Such if I ſtood renew'd, not theſe alarms,
Nor death, ſhould rend me from my Pallas' arms:
Nor proud Mezentius thus unpuniſh'd boaſt,
His rapes and murders on the Tuſcan coaſt.
Ye gods! and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father, and a king.
If fate and you reſerve thoſe eyes to ſee
My ſon return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy ſhall bleſs his father's ſight;
If we ſhall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length, let me ſuſtain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worſt of pain.
But if your hard decrees, which, O! I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeſerving head,
This, O this very moment, let me die;
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie.
While yet poſſeſt of all his youthful charms,
I ſtrain him cloſe within theſe aged arms:
Before that fatal news my ſoul ſhall wound!
He ſaid, and ſwooning, ſunk upon the ground:
His ſervants bore him off; and ſoftly laid
His languiſh'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The

The horſemen march'; the gates are open'd wide;
Æneas at their head, Achates by his ſide.
Next theſe the Trojan leaders rode along,
Laſt, follows in the rear, th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas ſhone conſpicuous o'er the reſt;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his veſt.
So, from the ſeas, exerts his radiant head
The ſtar, by whom the lights of heaven are led:
Shakes from his roſy locks the pearly dews;
Diſpels the darkneſs, and the day renews.
The trembling wives, the walls and turrets crowd;
And follow, with their eyes, the duſty cloud:
Which winds diſperſe by fits; and ſhew from far
The blaze of arms, and ſhields, and ſhining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er healthy plains purſue the ready way.
Repeated peals of ſhouts are heard around:
The neighing courſers anſwer to the ſound;
And ſhake with horny hoofs the ſolid ground.
A greenwood ſhade, for long religion known,
Stands by the ſtreams that waſh the Tuſcan town;
Incompaſs'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The firſt inhabitants, of Grecian blood,
That ſacred foreſt to Sylvanus vow'd:
The guardian of their flocks and fields; they pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's ſide,
In tents ſecure, the Tuſcan troops abide;

By Tarchon led. Now, from a riſing ground,
Æneas caſt his wondering eyes around;
And all the Tyrrhene army had in ſight,
Stretch'd on the ſpacious plains from left to right.
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led:
Refreſh'd his men, and weary horſes fed.
Mean-time the mother-goddeſs, crown'd with charms,
Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale ſhe finds her ſon,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She ſhews her heavenly form without diſguiſe,
And gives herſelf to his deſiring eyes.
Behold, ſhe ſaid, perform'd, in every part,
My promiſe made; and Vulcan's labour'd art.
Now ſeek, ſecure, the Latian enemy;
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.
She ſaid: and having firſt her ſon embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak ſhe plac'd.
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy ſight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vaſt delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poiſes, and admires
The creſted helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal ſword and corſlet hold:
One keen with temper'd ſteel, one ſtiff with gold.
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright:
So ſhines a cloud, when edg'd with adverſe light.
He ſhakes the pointed ſpear: and longs to try
The plaited cuiſhes on his manly thigh:

But

But moſt admires the ſhield's myſterious mould,
And Roman triumphs riſing on the gold.
For theſe, emboſs'd, the heavenly ſmith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future time untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors, iſſuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dreſs'd with moſſy greens:
There, by the wolf, was laid the martial twins:
Intrepid on her ſwelling dugs they hung;
The foſter-dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They ſuck'd ſecure, while bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs; and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from hence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit reſounds with ſhrieks: a war ſucceeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend:
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Weary'd with tedious war, at length they ceaſe;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs, before Jove's altar ſtand;
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted ſow for ſacrifice is led;
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this the traitor Metius, ſtretch'd between
Four fiery ſteeds, is dragg'd along the green;
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood;
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures' food.

There

There Porſenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings;
And would by force reſtore the baniſh'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights:
The Roman youth aſſert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuſcan army lies:
To win by famine, or by fraud ſurprize.
Their king, half threatening, half diſdaining, ſtood:
While Cocles broke the bridge; and ſtemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide:
Spac'd from their chains, with Clelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius ſtood;
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with ſtraw, now roof'd with gold.
The ſilver gooſe before the ſhining gate
There flew; and, by her cackle, ſav'd the ſtate.
She told the Gauls approach: th' approaching Gauls,
Obſcure in night, aſcend, and ſeize the walls.
The gold, diſſembled well their golden hair:
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their veſts: long Alpine ſpears they wield:
And their left arm ſuſtains a length of ſhield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian prieſts advance:
And naked through the ſtreets the mad Luperci dance
In caps of wool. The targets dropt from heaven:
Here modeſt matrons in ſoft litters driven,
To pay their vows in ſolemn pomp appear:
And odorous gums in their chaſte hands they bear.

Far hence remov'd, the Stygian ſeats are ſeen:
Pains of the damn'd, and puniſh'd Cataline:
Hung on a rock the traitor; and around
The furies hiſſing from the nether ground.
Apart from theſe, the happy ſouls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghoſt diſpenſing laws.
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden ſea:
But foaming ſurges, there, in ſilver play.
The dancing dolphins, with their tails, divide
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium ſurveys the well-diſputed prize:
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Cæſar, on the ſtern, in armour bright,
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples ſhoot their flames afar;
And o'er his head is hung the Julian ſtar.
Agrippa ſeconds him, with proſperous gales;
And, with propitious gods, his foes aſſails.
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreſhows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of eaſtern kings.
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues diſcordant, and a mingled war.
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidſt the ſtrife,
His ill fate follows him; th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight: with oars, and forky prows,
The froth is gather'd; and the water glows.

It ſeems as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and juſtled in the main;
Or floating mountains, floating mountains meet:
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fire-balls are thrown; and pointed javelins fly:
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herſelf, amidſt the loud alarms,
With cymbals toſs'd her fainting ſoldiers warms.
Fool as ſhe was; who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate; nor ſaw the ſnakes behind.
Her country gods, the monſters of the ſky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain;
Nor longer dares oppoſe th' æthereal train.
Mars, in the middle of the ſhining ſhield,
Is grav'd, and ſtrides along the liquid field.
The Diræ ſouſe from heaven, with ſwift deſcent:
And Diſcord, dy'd in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the peace: her ſteps Bellona treads,
And ſhakes her iron rod above their heads.
This ſeen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows: at whoſe winged flight
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield:
And ſoft Sabæans quit the watery field.
The fatal miſtreſs hoiſts her ſilken ſails:
And, ſhrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghaſt ſhe looks; and heaves her breaſt for breath:
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her, as driven along
By winds and waves, and ſcudding through the throng.

Juſt oppoſite, ſad Nilus opens wide
His arms, and ample boſom, to the tide,
And ſpreads his mantle o'er the winding coaſt;
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying hoſt.
The victor, to the god his thanks expreſs'd:
And Rome triumphant, with his preſence bleſs'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With ſpoils and altars every temple grac'd.
Three ſhining nights, and three ſucceeding days,
The fields reſound with ſhouts, the ſtreets with praiſe,
The domes with ſongs, the theatres with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the deſtin'd ſacrifice.
Great Cæſar ſits ſublime upon his throne;
Before Apollo's porch, of Parian ſtone:
Accepts the preſents vow'd for victory;
And hangs the monumental crown on high.
Vaſt crowds of vanquiſh'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here Mulciber aſſigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the ſecond row;
And Scythians, expert in dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides:
And there the Rhine ſubmits her ſwelling tides.
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
The Dacæ' unconquer'd offſpring march behind;
And Morini- man kind.

Tl

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace;
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

THE NINTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's abſence, fi ſome of his ſhips (which are transformed into n nymphs) and aſſaults his camp. The Trojans, r duced to the laſt extremities, ſend Niſus and Eu ryalus to recal Æneas; which furniſhes the p with that admirable epiſode of their friendſhip, g neroſity, and the concluſion of their adventures.

WHILE theſe affairs in diſtant places paſs'd,
The various Iris Juno ſends with haſte,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The ſecret ſhade of his great grandſire ſought.
Retir'd alone ſhe found the daring man:
And op'd her roſy lips, and thus began:
What none of all the gods could grant thy vows;
That, Turnus, this auſpicious day beſtows!

Æne

Æneas, gone to ſeek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defence;
And, ſhort of ſuccours there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raiſe the Tuſcan ſwains:
Now ſnatch an hour that favours thy deſigns,
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.
This ſaid, on equal wings ſhe pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.
The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,
And thus invokes the goddeſs as ſhe flies:
Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine
Has ſent thee down, through duſky clouds to ſhine?
See they divide! immortal day appears;
And glittering planets dancing in their ſpheres!
With joy, theſe happy omens I obey;
And follow to the war, the god that leads the way.
Thus having ſaid, as by the brook he ſtood,
He ſcoop'd the water from the cryſtal flood;
Then, with his hands, the drops to heaven he throws,
And loads the powers above with offer'd vows.
Now march the bold confederates through the plain;
Well hors'd, well clad, a rich and ſhining train:
Meſſapus leads the van; and in the rear,
The ſons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.
In the main battle, with his flaming creſt,
The mighty Turnus towers above the reſt:
Silent they move; majeſtically flow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the duſty cloud from far;
And the dark menace of the diſtant war.

Caïcus from the rampire ſaw it riſe,
Blackening the fields, and thickening through the ſkies
Then, to his fellows, thus aloud he calls:
What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls!
Arm, arm, and man the works: prepare your ſpears
And pointed darts; the Latian hoſt appears!
Thus warn'd, they ſhut their gates; with ſhouts aire
The bulwarks, and, ſecure, their foes attend.
For their wiſe general, with foreſeeing care,
Had charg'd them, not to tempt the doubtful war:
Nor, though provok'd, in open fields advance;
But cloſe within their lines attend their chance:
Unwilling, yet they keep the ſtrict command;
And ſourly wait in arms the hoſtile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the reſt,
A pye-ball'd ſteed of Thracian ſtrain he preſs'd;
His helm of maſſy gold; and crimſon was his creſt.
With twenty horſe to ſecond his deſigns,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
Is there, he ſaid, in arms who bravely dare
His leader's honour, and his danger, ſhare;
Then, ſpurring on, his brandiſh'd dart he threw,
In ſign of war; applauding ſhouts enſue.
Amaz'd to find a daſtard race that run
Behind the rampires, and the battle ſhun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And ſtops at every poſt; and every paſſage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold,
Wet with deſcending ſhowers, and ſtiff with cold;

He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain;
His gnaſhing teeth are exercis'd in vain:
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his diſtended paws to graſp the prey.
The mothers liſten; but the bleating lambs
Securely ſwig the dug beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus oe'r the plain,
Sharp with deſire, and furious with diſdain:
Surveys each paſſage with a piercing ſight;
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus, while he gazes round, at length he ſpies
Where, fenc'd with ſtrong redoubts, their navy lies;
Cloſe underneath the walls: the waſhing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker ſide.
He takes the wiſh'd occaſion; fills his hand
With ready fires, and ſhakes a flaming brand:
Urg'd by his preſence, every ſoul is warm'd,
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the ſcattering ſparkles fly;
Fat vapours mix'd with flames involve the ſky.
What power, O Muſes, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name!
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obſcure,
Is hard to faith; yet ſhall the fame endure.
'Tis ſaid that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddeſs then approach'd her ſon,
And with a mother's majeſty begun:
Grant me, ſhe ſaid, the ſole requeſt I bring,
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king:

On

On Ida's brows, for ages paſt, there ſtood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a ſhady wood:
And on the ſummit roſe a ſacred grove,
Where I was worſhip'd with religious love;
Theſe woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince to ſpeed his flight.
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erſet, nor waves intomb,
The floating foreſts of the ſacred pine;
But let it be their ſafety to be mine.
Then thus reply'd her awful ſon; who rolls
The radiant ſtars, and heaven and earth controls:
How dare you, mother, endleſs date demand,
For veſſels moulded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,
Of ſafety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian ſhore,
Whatever ſhips eſcape the raging ſtorms,
At my command ſhall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine; and plow the watery way,
Like Dotis and the daughters of the ſea.
To ſeal his ſacred vow, by Styx he ſwore,
The lake with liquid pitch, the dreary ſhore;
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
He ſaid; and ſhook the ſkies with his imperial nod.
And now, at length, the number'd hours were co
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,

When the great mother of the gods was free
To ſave her ſhips, and finiſh Jove's decree.
Firſt, from the quarter of the morn, there ſprung,
A light that ſign'd the heavens, and ſhot along:
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs:
And laſt a voice, with more than mortal ſound,
Both hoſts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds.
O Trojan race, your needleſs aid forbear;
And know my ſhips are my peculiar care.
With greater eaſe the bold Rutulian may,
With hiſſing brands, attempt to burn the ſea,
Than ſinge my ſacred pines. But you, my charge,
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forſake the ſand,
And ſwim the ſeas, at Cybele's command.
No ſooner had the goddeſs ceas'd to ſpeak,
When lo, th' obedient ſhips their hauſers break;
And, ſtrange to tell, like dolphins in the main,
They plunge their prows, and dive, and ſpring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
The foes, ſurpriz'd with wonder, ſtood aghaſt,
Meſſapus curb'd his fiery courſer's haſte;
Old Tiber roar'd; and raiſing up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the ſhock;
And with theſe words his trembling troops beſpoke:
Theſe monſters for the Trojan's fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black preſages ſent.

He

He takes the cowards laſt relief away;
For fly they cannot; and, conſtrain'd to ſtay,
Muſt yield, unfought, a baſe inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is loſt;
Heaven ſhuts the ſeas, and we ſecure the coaſt.
Theirs is no more than that ſmall ſpot of ground,
Which myriads of our martial men ſurround.
Their fates I fear not; or vain oracles;
'Twas given to Venus, they ſhould croſs the ſeas;
And land ſecure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is paſs'd, and mine remains.
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to deſtroy,
With ſword and fire, the faithleſs race of Troy.
Shall ſuch affronts as theſe alone inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cauſe and theirs is one; a fatal ſtrife,
And final ruin, for a raviſh'd wife.
Was 't not enough, that, puniſh'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a ſecond time?
One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curſe the coſtly ſex; and durſt offend no more.
Can they ſecurely truſt their feeble wall,
A ſlight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though built
By hands divine, yet periſh'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines theſe daſtard bands.
Leſs than a thouſand ſhips will end this war;
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.

Let

Let all the Tuſcans all th' Arcadians join,
Nor theſe, nor thoſe, ſhall fruſtrate my deſign.
Let them not fear the treaſons of the night;
The robb'd palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onſet ſhall be made in open light.
No wooden engine ſhall their town betray,
Fires they ſhall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, ſince the ſun is rolling to the weſt,
Give me the ſilent night to needful reſt:
Refreſh your bodies, and your arms prepare:
The morn ſhall end the ſmall remains of war.
The poſt of honour to Meſſapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;
To pitch the fires at diſtances around,
And cloſe the Trojans in their ſcanty ground.
Twice ſeven Rutulian captains ready ſtand:
And twice ſeven hundred horſe their chiefs command:
All clad in ſhining arms the works inveſt;
Each with a radiant helm, and waving creſt.
Stretch'd at their length, they preſs the graſſy ground;
They laugh, they ſing, the jolly bowls go round:
With lights and chearful fires renew the day;
And paſs the wakeful night in feaſts and play.
The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld;
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd:
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they firſt explore;
Join works to works with bridges; tower to tower:

Thus

Thus all things needful for defence abound;
Mneſtheus and brave Sereſthus walk the round:
Commiſſion'd by their abſent prince to ſhare
The common danger, and divide the care,
The ſoldiers draw their lots; and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.
Nigh where the foes their utmoſt guards advance
To watch the gate, was warlike Niſus' chance.
His father Hyrtieus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntreſs of the wood:
And ſent him to the wars; well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying ſpear:
But, better ſkill'd unerring ſhafts to ſend,
Beſide him ſtood Euryalus his friend.
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan hoſt
No fairer face, or ſweeter air, could boaſt.
Scarce had the down to ſhade his cheeks begun;
One was their care, and their delight was one.
One common hazard in the war they ſhar'd;
And now were both, by choice, upon the guard.
Then Niſus, thus: Or do the gods inſpire
This warmth, or make we gods of our deſire?
A generous ardour boils within my breaſt,
Eager of action, enemy to reſt;
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind,
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou ſeeſt the foe ſecure: how faintly ſhine
Their ſcatter'd fires! the moſt in ſleep ſupine
Along the ground, an eaſy conqueſt lie;
The wakeful few the flaming flaggon ply;

A

All hush around. Now hear what I revolve;
A thought unripe, and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hrften his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee
(For fame is recompence enough for me),
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espy'd
A way, that safely will my passage guide.
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos'd his mind:
All this alone, and leaving me behind,
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms;
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.
The thing call'd life, with ease I can disclaim;
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.
Then Nisus, thus: Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears:
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov'd embrace with life,
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance, as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards in the deeds of war;

If

If one ſhould reach my head, there let it fall,
And ſpare thy life; I would not periſh all.
Thy bloomy youth deſerves a longer date;
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate:
To bear my mangled body from the foe;
Or buy it back, and funeral rites beſtow.
Or, if hard fortune ſhall thoſe dues deny,
Thou canſt at leaſt an empty tomb ſupply.
O let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curſe my name purſue;
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forſook the coaſts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the ſeas and wind,
When every weary matron ſtaid behind.
To this Euryalus: You plead in vain,
And but protract the cauſe you cannot gain:
No more delays, but haſte. With that he wakes
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the generous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.
All creatures elſe forgot their daily care;
And ſleep, the common gift of nature, ſhare:
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful ſate
In nightly council for th' endanger'd ſtate.
They vote a meſſage to their abſent chief;
Shew their diſtreſs, and beg a ſwift relief.
Amid the camp a ſilent ſeat they choſe,
Remote their clamour, and ſecure from foes,
On their left arms their ample ſhields they bear,
Their right reclin'd upon the bending ſpear.

Now Niſus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admiſſion, eager to be heard;
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Aſcanius bids them be conducted in;
Ordering the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Niſus thus: Ye fathers, lend your ears,
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, ſecurely drench'd in ſleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly ſhine:
And where the ſmoke in cloudy vapours flies,
Covering the plain, and curling to the ſkies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
Cloſe by the ſea, a paſſage we have ſpy'd,
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.
Expect each hour to ſee him ſafe again,
Loaded with ſpoils of foes in battle ſlain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:
Nor can we be miſtaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vales, we both have ſeen
The riſing turrets, and the ſtream between:
And know the winding courſe, with every ford.
He ceas'd: and old Alethes took the word.
Our country gods, in whom our truſt we place
Will yet from ruin ſave the Trojan race:
While we behold ſuch dauntleſs worth appear
In dawning youth, and ſouls ſo void of fear.
Then into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took:
Panted, and paus'd; and thus again he ſpoke:

Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompence of ſuch deſert, decree?
The greateſt, ſure, and beſt you can receive,
The gods, and your own conſcious worth, will give:
The reſt our grateful general will beſtow;
And young Aſcanius till his manhood owe.
And I, whoſe welfare in my father lies,
Aſcanius adds, by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my houſhold-gods,
By hoary Veſta's rites, and dark abodes,
Adjure you both (on you my fortune ſtands,
That and my faith I plight into your hands):
Make me but happy in his ſafe return,
Whoſe wanted preſence I can only mourn,
Your common gift ſhall two large goblets be,
Of ſilver, wrought with curious imagery;
And high emboſs'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conquering ſire at ſack'd Ariſba gain'd.
And more, two tripods caſt in antique mould,
With two great talents of the fineſt gold:
Beſide a coſtly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave when firſt ſhe gave her heart.
But if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When ſpoils by lot the victor ſhall obtain,
Thou ſaw'ſt the courſer by proud Turnus preſs'd,
That, Niſus, and his arms, and nodding creſt,
And ſhield, from chance exempt, ſhall be thy ſhare
Twelve labouring ſlaves, twelve handmaids young and fair,
And clad in rich attire, and train'd with care.

And laſt, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whoſe years are more to mine ally'd,
No fate my vow'd affection ſhall divide
From thee, heroic youth; be wholly mine:
Take full poſſeſſion; all my ſoul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, ſhall both attend;
My life's companion, and my boſom friend;
My peace ſhall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war.
Then thus the young Euryalus reply'd:
Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The ſame ſhall be my age, as now my youth;
No time ſhall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodneſs let me gain
(And this ungranted, all rewards are vain):
Of Priam's royal race my mother came,
And ſure the beſt that ever bore the name:
Whom neither Troy, nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erſpent, and old,
My fate ſhe follow'd; ignorant of this,
Whatever danger, neither parting kiſs,
Nor pious bleſſing taken, her I leave;
And, in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand, and conſcious night, I ſwear,
My ſoul ſo ſad a farewell could not bear.
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to preſume ſo great a grace).
Support her age, forſaken and diſtreſs'd;
That hope alone will fortify my breaſt

Againſt the worſt of fortunes, and of fears.
He ſaid: the mov'd aſſiſtants melt in tears.
Then thus Aſcanius (wonder-ſtruck to ſee
That image of his filial piety):
So great beginnings, in ſo green an age,
Exact the faith, which I again engage.
Thy mother all the dues ſhall juſtly claim
Creüſa had; and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt ſhall have,
'Tis merit to have borne a ſon ſo brave.
Now by my head, a ſacred oath, I ſwear,
(My father us'd it) what returning here
Crown'd with ſucceſs, I for thyſelf prepare,
That, if thou fail, ſhall thy lov'd mother ſhare.
He ſaid; and, weeping while he ſpoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a ſhining ſword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory ſcabbard ſheath'd the blade:
This was his gift: great Mneſtheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend:
And good Alethes furniſh'd him beſide,
With his own truſty helm, of temper try'd.
Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their iſſuing forth, and follow to the gate.
With prayers and vows, above the reſt appears
Aſcanius, manly far beyond his years.
And meſſages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were loſt, and flitting air.
The trenches firſt they paſs'd; then took their way
Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;

To

To many fatal, ere themſelves were ſlain:
They found the careleſs hoſt diſpers'd upon the plain.
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, ſupinely ſnore:
Unharnaſs'd chariots ſtand along the ſhore:
Amidſt the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war they lie.
Obſerving Niſus ſhew'd his friend the ſight;
Behold a conqueſt gain'd without a fight.
Occaſion offers, and I ſtand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I ſecurely go,
And hew a paſſage through the ſleeping foe.
Softly he ſpoke; then, ſtriding, took his way,
With his drawn ſword, where haughty Rhamnes lay:
His head rais'd high, on tapeſtry beneath,
And heaving from his breaſt, he drew his breath:
A king and prophet by king Turnus lov'd;
But fate by preſcience cannot be remov'd;
Him, and his ſleeping ſlaves, he ſlew. Then ſpies
Where Rhemus, with his rich retinue, lies:
His armour-bearer firſt, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels:
And his lov'd horſes: laſt invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal ſword:
The gaſping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood:
Which, by the ſpurning heels, diſpers'd around,
The bed beſprinkles, and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the ſtrong,
He ſlew; and then Serranus fair and young.

From dice and wine the youth retir'd to reſt,
And puff'd the fumy god from out his breaſt:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play;
More lucky had it laſted till the day.
The famiſh'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold;
And tears the peaceful flocks; with ſilent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.
Nor with leſs rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful ſword, or fewer foes deſtroys:
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew:
He Fadus, Hebeſus, and Rhætus ſlew.
Oppreſs'd with heavy ſleep the former fall,
But Rhætus, wakeful, and obſerving all,
Behind a ſpacious jar he ſlink'd for fear:
The fatal iron found, and reach'd him there.
For, as he roſe, it pierc'd his naked ſide,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimſon dy'd.
The wound pours out a ſtream of wine and blood;
The purple ſoul comes floating in the flood.
Now where Meſſapus quarter'd they arrive;
The fires were fainting there, and juſt alive.
The warrior-horſes tied in order fed;
Niſus obſerv'd the diſcipline, and ſaid,
Our eager thirſt of blood may both betray;
And ſee the ſcatter'd ſtreaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts: no more, my friend,
Here let our glutted execution end:
A lane through ſlaughter'd bodies we have made
The bold Euryalus, though loth, obey'd.

Of arms, and arras, and of plate they find
A precious load; but theſe they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy ſpoils, the boy would ſtay
To make the rich capariſon his prey,
Which on the ſteed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes leſs longingly behold
The girdle belt, with nails of burniſh'd gold.
This preſent Cedicus the rich beſtow'd
On Remulus, when friendſhip firſt they vow'd:
And abſent, join'd in hoſpitable ties;
He dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize:
Till by the conquering Ardean troops oppreſs'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift poſſeſs'd.
Theſe glittering ſpoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body ſuits; but ſuits in vain.
Meſſapus' helm he finds among the reſt,
And laces on, and wears the waving creſt.
Proud of their conqueſt, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.
But far they had not paſs'd, before they ſpy'd
Three hundred horſe with Volſcens for their guide.
The queen a legion to king Turnus ſent,
But the ſwift horſe the ſlower foot prevent:
And now, advancing, fought the leader's tent.
They ſaw the pair; for through the doubtful ſhade
His ſhining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
'Tis not for nought, cry'd Volſcens, from the crowd,
Theſe men go there; then rais'd his voice aloud:

Stand, ſtand: why thus in arms, and whither bent:
From whence, to whom, and on what errand ſent?
Silent they ſcud away, and haſte their flight
To neighbouring woods, and truſt themſelves to night.
The ſpeedy horſe all paſſages belay,
And ſpur their ſmoking ſteeds to croſs their way;
And watch each entrance of the winding wood;
Black was the foreſt, thick with beech it ſtood;
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn,
Few paths of human feet or tracks of beaſts were worn.
The darkneſs of the ſhades, his heavy prey,
And fear miſled the younger from his way.
But Niſus hit the turns with happier haſte,
And, thoughtleſs of his friend, the foreſt paſs'd:
And Alban plains, from Alba's name ſo call'd,
Where king Latinus then his oxen ſtall'd.
Till, turning at the length, he ſtood his ground,
And miſs'd his friend, and caſt his eyes around:
Ah wretch, he cry'd, where have I left behind
Th' unhappy youth: where ſhall I hope to find?
Or what way take! Again he ventures back:
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and liſtening hears the noiſe
Of trampling courſers, and the rider's voice.
The ſound approach'd, and ſuddenly he view'd
The foes inclosing, and his friend purſued:
Forelay'd and taken, while he ſtrove in vain,
The ſhelt[illegible] ſendly ſhades to gain.
What [illegible] mpt? What arms employ?
What [illegible] the captive boy:

Or deſperate ſhould he ruſh and loſe his life,
With odds oppreſs, in ſuch unequal ſtrife?
Reſolv'd at length, his pointed ſpear he took;
And caſting on the moon a mournful look,
Guardian of groves, and goddeſs of the night,
Fair queen, he ſaid, direct my dart aright:
If e'er my pious father for my ſake,
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make;
Or I increas'd them with my ſylvan toils,
And hung the holy roofs with ſavage ſpoils,
Give me to ſcatter theſe. Then from his ear
He pois'd, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling ſpear.
The deadly weapon, hiſſing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc'd his thin armour, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken wood.
He ſtaggers round; his eye-balls roll in death,
And with ſhort ſobs he gaſps away his breath.
All ſtand amaz'd; a ſecond javelin flies
With equal ſtrength, and quivers through the ſkies:
This through thy temples, Tagus, forc'd the way,
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volſcens foams with rage, and gazing round,
Deſcry'd not him who gave the fatal wound:
Nor knew to fix revenge: But thou, he cries,
Shalt pay for both, and at the priſoner flies
With his drawn ſword. Then ſtruck with deep deſpair,
That cruel ſight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert ruſh'd in open view,
And ſent his voice before him as he flew:

Me, me, he cry'd, turn all your ſwords alone
On me; the fact confeſs'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durſt, the guiltleſs youth;
Ye moon and ſtars, bear witneſs to the truth!
His only crime (if friendſhip can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.
Too late he ſpeaks; the ſword, which fury guides,
Driven with full force, had pierc'd his tender ſides.
Down fell the beauteous youth; the yawning wound
Guſh'd out a purple ſtream, and ſtain'd the ground.
His ſnowy neck reclines upon his breaſt,
Like a fair flower by the keen ſhare oppreſs'd:
Like a white poppy ſinking on the plain,
Whoſe heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Deſpair, and rage, and vengeance juſtly vow'd,
Drove Niſus headlong on the hoſtile crowd:
Volſcens he ſeeks: on him alone he bends;
Borne back, and bor'd, by his ſurrounding friends,
Onward he preſs'd; and kept him ſtill in ſight;
Then whirl'd aloft his ſword with all his might:
Th' unerring ſteel deſcended while he ſpoke
Pierc'd his wide mouth, and through his weazen broke:
Dying he flew; and, ſtaggering on the plain,
With ſwimming eyes he ſought his lover ſlain:
Then quiet on his bleeding boſom fell;
Content in death to be reveng'd ſo well.
O happy friends! for, if my verſe can give
Immortal life, your fame ſhall ever live:

Fix'd

Fix'd as the capitol's foundation lies;
And ſpread where'er the Roman eagle flies!
The conquering party firſt divide the prey,
Then their ſlain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To ſee ſuch numbers whom ſo few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the reſt they found:
Vaſt crowds the dying and the dead ſurround:
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Meſſapus loſt;
But mourn'd a purchaſe that ſo dear had coſt.
Now roſe the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed;
And, with the dawn of day, the ſkies o'erſpread.
Nor long the ſun his daily courſe withheld,
But added colours to the world reveal'd.
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangues he fir'd;
And his own ardour in their ſouls inſpir'd.
This done, to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Niſus, and his friend he ſhows,
Rais'd high on pointed ſpears: a ghaſtly ſight;
Loud peals of ſhouts enſue, and barbarous delight.
Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls:
They line their trenches, and they man their walls:
In front extended to the left they ſtood:
Safe was the right ſurrounded by the flood.
But caſting from their towers a frightful view,
They ſaw the faces which too well they knew;

Though then diſguis'd in death, and ſmear'd all o'er
With filth obſcene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon haſty fame, through the ſad city bears
The mournful meſſage to the mother's ears:
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: ſhe ſhakes:
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forſakes.
She runs the rampires round amidſt the war,
Nor fears the flying darts: ſhe rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.
Thus then, my lov'd Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!
Was't on this face my famiſh'd eyes I fed!
Ah how unlike the living is the dead!
And could'ſt thou leave me, cruel, thus alone,
Not one kind kiſs from a departing ſon!
No look, no laſt adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to ſlaughter ſent!
Cold on the ground, and preſſing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to cloſe his dying eyes,
To waſh his wounds, to weep his obſequies:
To call about his corpſe his crying friends,
Or ſpread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour ſpare.
Where ſhall I find his corpſe? What earth ſuſtains
His trunk diſmember'd, and his cold remains?
For this, alas, I left my needful eaſe,
Expos'd my life to winds, and winter ſeas?

If

If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:
Or if they fail, thou Jove conclude my woe,
And ſend me thunder-ſtruck to ſhades below!
Her ſhrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears;
Nor young Aſcanius could the fight ſuſtain,
Nor old Iſioneus his tears reſtrain:
But Actor and Idæus, jointly ſent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.
And now the trumpets, terribly from far,
With rattling clangor, rouze the ſleepy war.
The ſoldiers ſhouts ſucceed the brazen ſounds
And heaven, from pole to pole, their noiſe rebounds.
The Volſcians bear their ſhields upon their head,
And, ruſhing forward, form a moving ſhed;
Theſe fill the ditch; thoſe pull the bulwarks down:
Some raiſe the ladders; others ſcale the town.
But where void ſpaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.
With poles and miſſive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the riſing war.
Taught by their ten years ſiege defenſive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, and unreſiſted weight;
To break the penthouſe with the ponderous blow;
Which yet the patient Volſcians undergo.
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For where the Trojans find the thickeſt throng,
The ruin falls: their ſhatter'd ſhields give way,
And their cruſh'd heads became an eaſy prey.

They

They ſhrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and ſlings, and with the diſtant bow.
Elſewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Meſſapus, Neptune's warlike ſon,
Broke down the paliſades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls to ſcale the town.
Calliope begin: ye ſacred nine,
Inſpire your poet in his high deſign;
To ſing what ſlaughter manly Turnus made:
What ſouls he ſent below the Stygian ſhade:
What fame the ſoldiers with their captain ſhare,
And the vaſt circuit of the fatal war.
For you in ſinging martial facts excel;
You beſt remember; and alone can tell.
There ſtood a tower, amazing to the ſight,
Built up of beams; and of ſtupendous height;
Art, and the nature of the place, conſpir'd
To furniſh all the ſtrength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their deſign:
With weighty ſtones o'erwhelm'd their troops below,
Shoot through the loop-holes, and ſharp javelins throw.
Turnus, the chief, toſs'd from his thundering hand,
Againſt the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It ſtuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;
The planks were ſeaſon'd, and the timber dry.

Con-

Contagion caught the poſts: it ſpread along,
Scorch'd, and to diſtance drove the ſcatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire purſued amain,
Still gathering faſt upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defence, and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heaven itſelf reſound,
The dead and dying Trojans ſtrew the ground.
The tower that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and bury'd whom it ſlew:
Some ſtuck upon the darts themſelves had ſent;
All the ſame equal ruin underwent.
Young Lycus and Helenor only 'ſcape;
Sav'd how they know not, from the ſteepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth,
On one ſide royal, one a ſon of earth,
Whom, to the Lydian king, Lycimnia bare,
And ſent her boaſted baſtard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen ſhare).
Slight were his arms, a ſword and ſilver ſhield,
No marks of honour charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, ſo light the youth aroſe,
And, riſing, found himſelf amidſt his foes.
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way;
Embolden'd by deſpair, he ſtood at bay:
And like a ſtag, whom all the troop ſurrounds
Of eager huntſmen, and invading hounds,
Reſolv'd on death, he diſſipates his fears,
And bounds aloft againſt the pointed ſpears:

So

So dares the youth, ſecure of death, and throws
His dying body on his thickeſt foes.
But Lycus, ſwifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidſt the war:
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And ſnatches at the beam he firſt can find.
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the ſtretch,
In hopes the helping hand of ſome kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His ſpear had almoſt reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and ſcarce a ſpan behind):
Fool, ſaid the chief, though fleeter than the wind,
Couldſt thou preſume to 'ſcape when I purſue?
He ſaid, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling daſtard: at the tug he falls,
Vaſt ruins come along, rent from the ſmoking walls.
Thus on ſome ſilver ſwan, or timorous hare,
Jove's bird comes ſouſing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truſs the fearful fray:
Then out of ſight ſhe ſoars, and wings her way.
So ſeizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.
Then ruſhing onward, with a barbarous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe
Toſs'd firebrands to the ſteepy turrets throw.
Hilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock ſo right,
cruſh'd him double underneath the weight.

Two

Two more young Liger and Aſylas ſlew;
To bend the bow young Liger better knew:
Aſylas beſt the pointed javelin threw.
Brave Cæneas laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Cæneas was by Turnus ſlain.
By the ſame hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar and Ida, ſtanding on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found;
Hurt by Themilla firſt; but ſlight the wound;
His ſhield thrown by, to mitigate the ſmart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The ſecond ſhaft came ſwift and uneſpy'd,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his ſide:
Tranſfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart;
The ſoul came iſſuing out, and hiſs'd againſt the dart.
The ſon of Arcens ſhone amid the reſt,
In glittering armour and a purple veſt.
Fair was his face, his eyes inſpiring love,
Bred by his father in the Martian grove:
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And ſent in arms to purchaſe early fame.
Him when he ſpy'd from far, the Thuſcan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the ſling:
Thrice whirl'd the thong aroung his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew:
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and ſpurn'd the plain.
Then young Aſcanius, who before this day
Was wont in woods to ſhoot the ſavage prey,

Firſt bent in martial ſtrife the twanging bow;
And exercis'd againſt a human foe.
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger ſiſter took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a ſtride,
In theſe inſulting terms the Trojans he defy'd:
Twice conquer'd cowards, now your ſhame is ſhown,
Coop'd up a ſecond time within your town!
Who dare not iſſue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a ſhield.
Thus threat you war, thus our alliance force!
What gods, what madneſs hither ſteer'd your courſe!
You ſhall not find the ſons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of ſly Ulyſſes fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a ſturdy brood,
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the ſtream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taſte unconquer'd food.
No ſports but what belong to war they know,
To break the ſteddeſt colt, to bend the bow.
Our exerciſe, our pleaſure, earn their bread;
Rude are their works, with toughneſs hard'ned.
From ploughs are brought to lock our crown,
Their ſight to fierce and fearleſs hearts we frown.
No [illegible] of age, no difference in degree.

We

We plough, and til in arms; our oxen feel,
Inſtead of goads, the ſpur, and pointed ſteel:
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind: nor can control
Th' immortal vigour, or abate the ſoul.
Our helms defend the young, diſguiſe the grey:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your veſts embroider'd with rich purple ſhine;
In ſloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your veſts have ſweeping ſleeves: with female pride
Your turbans underneath your chins are ty'd.
Go Phrygians, to your Dindymus agen;
Go, leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men;
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the mother's rites,
Where with unequal ſound the flute invites.
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's ſhade;
Reſign the war to men, who know the martial trade.
This foul reproach Aſcanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full ſtretch of both his hands, he drew,
And almoſt join'd the horns of the tough eugh.
But firſt, before the throne of Jove he ſtood:
And thus with lifted hands invoked the god:
My firſt attempt, great Jupiter, ſucceed;
An annual offering in thy grove ſhall bleed:
A ſnow-white ſteer before thy altar led,
Who like his mother bears aloft his head,
Buts with his threatening brows, and bellowing ſtands,
And dares the fight, and ſpurns the yellow ſands.

Jove bow'd the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidſt the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and ſwiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hiſſes through the ſkies.
The ſteel through both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.
Go now, vain boaſter, and true valour ſcorn;
The Phrygians, twice ſubdued, yet make this third return.
Aſcanius ſaid no more: the Trojans ſhake
The heavens with ſhouting, and new vigour take.
Apollo then beſtrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardleſs victor, he beſpoke aloud:
Advance, illuſtrious youth; increaſe in fame,
And wide from eaſt to weſt extend thy name.
Offspring of gods thyſelf; and Rome ſhall owe
To thee, a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heaven: the powers divine,
From this beginning, date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,
The conquer'd war is due: and the vaſt world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name. He ſaid,
And, plunging downward, ſhot his radiant head;
Diſpell'd the breathing air that broke his flight,
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal ſight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchiſes' ſquire,
Now left no rule Aſcanius, by his ſire;
His wrinkled viſage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms he wears;
And thus ſalutes the boy, too forward for his years:

Suſtas.

Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy ſon,
The warlike prize thou haſt already won:
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praiſe; nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more. He ſaid, and flew
Obſcure in air, and vaniſh'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know;
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.
Then duteous force they uſe, and Phœbus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted they themſelves no danger ſhun:
From wall to wall the ſhouts and clamours run:
They bend their bows; they whirl their ſlings around:
Heaps of ſpent arrows fall, and ſtrew the ground;
And helms, and ſhields, and rattling arms reſound.
The combat thickens like the ſtorm that flies
From weſtward, when the ſhowery kids ariſe:
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter deſcends in harden'd rain:
Or bellowing clouds burſt with a ſtormy ſound,
And with an armed winter ſtrew the ground.
Pand'rus and Bitias, thunder-bolts of war,
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and ſize,
Like firs that on their mother-mountain riſe;
Preſuming on their force, the gates unbar,
And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averſe, againſt their king's command,
Arm'd on the right and on the left they ſtand,

And flank the paſſage: ſhining ſteel they wear,
And waving creſts above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unſhorn;
And overpreſs'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whiſtling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they ſee
The gate ſet open, and the paſſage free.
Bold Quercens, with raſh Tmarus ruſhing on,
Equicolas, who in bright armour ſhone,
And Hæmon firſt, but ſoon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended paſs they die.
Theſe with ſucceſs are fir'd, and thoſe with rage;
And each, on equal terms at length, engage.
Drawn from their lines, and iſſuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.
Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When ſuddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought;
The foes had left the faſtneſs of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chace.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The firſt he met, Antiphates the brave,
But baſe-begotten on a Theban ſlave;
Sarpedon's ſon he ſlew: the deadly dart
Found paſſage through his breaſt, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel ſtood;
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.

Aphidnus

Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd,
A dart were lost within that roomy breast,
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong;
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull-hides th' impetuous force withhold;
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster-bulk, and press'd the ground:
His arms and clattering shield on the vast body sound.
Not with less ruin, than the Bajan mole
(Rais'd on the seas the surges to control),
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall,
Prone to the deep the stones disjointed fall
Off the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled mud arise.
The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores:
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhœus thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.
The warrior-god the Latian troops inspir'd;
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.
When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear, and wild confusion fill'd,

He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands; and adds his ſhoulders to th
weight.
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The reſt ſhut out, to certain death expos'd.
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war.
He thruſt amid the crowd, ſecurely bold;
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they deſcry;
And ſparkling fires that ſhot from either eye:
His mighty members, and his ample breaſt,
His rattling armour, and his crimſon creſt.
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly;
All but the fool who fought his deſtiny.
Mad Pandarus ſteps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
Theſe are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'Tis hoſtile earth you tread; of hope bereft,
No means of ſafe return by flight are left,
To whom, with countenance calm, and ſoul ſedate,
Thus Turnus: Then begin; and try thy fate:
My meſſage to the ghoſt of Priam bear,
Tell him a new Achilles ſent thee there.
A lance of tough ground-aſh the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew;
With his full force he whirl'd it firſt around;
But the ſoft yielding air receiv'd the wound:

Imperi

Imperial Juno turn'd the courſe before,
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.
But hope not thou, ſaid Turnus, when I ſtrike,
To ſhun thy fate; our force is not alike:
Nor thy ſteel temper'd by the Lemnian god:
Then, riſing, on his utmoſt ſtretch he ſtood;
And aim'd from high: the full deſcending blow
Cleaves the broad front, and beardleſs cheeks in two:
Down ſinks the giant, with a thundering ſound,
His ponderous limbs oppreſs the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam, guſh from the gaping wound.
Scalp, face, and ſhoulders, the keen ſteel divides;
And the ſhar'd viſage hangs on equal ſides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate:
And had the victor then ſecur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.
But boiling youth, and blind deſire of blood,
Puſh on his fury to purſue the crowd;
Hamſtring'd behind, unhappy Gyges dy'd;
Then Phalaris is added to his ſide:
The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,
And their friends arms againſt their fellows threw.
Strong Halys ſtands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, ſtill at hand, new force and fire ſupplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall
(Engag'd againſt the foes, who ſcal'd the wall):
But whom they fear'd without, they found within:
At laſt, though late, by Linceus he was ſeen:

He calls new ſuccours, and aſſaults the prince;
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.
Turn'd to the right, his ſword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggreſſor ſlew.
He joints the neck; and with a ſtroke ſo ſtrong,
The helm flies off; and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntſman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts envenom'd, and in poiſon ſkill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal ſpear,
And Cretus, whom the Muſes held ſo dear:
He fought with courage, and he ſung the fight:
Arms were his buſineſs, verſes his delight.
The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their ſlaughter'd friends, and haſten their relief.
Bold Mneſtheus rallies firſt the broken train,
Whom brave Sereſthus and his troop ſuſtain.
To ſave the living, and revenge the dead,
Againſt one warrior's arm all Troy they led.
O, void of ſenſe and courage, Mneſtheus cry'd,
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah, where beyond theſe rampires can you run!
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you ſhun!
Shall then a ſingle ſword ſuch ſlaughter boaſt,
And paſs unpuniſh'd from a numerous hoſt?
Forſaking honour, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king, you ſhame.
This juſt reproach their virtue does excite,
They ſtand, they join, they thicken to the fight.
Now Turnus doubts, and yet diſdains to yield;
But with ſlow paces meaſures back the field;

And

And inches to the walls, where Tiber's tide,
Waſhing the camp, defends the weaker ſide.
The more he loſes, they advance the more;
And tread in every ſtep he trod before:
They ſhout, they bear him back, and whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppreſs with weight.
As, compaſs'd with a wood of ſpears around,
The lordly lion ſtill maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his diſtended paws, and ſhakes his mane:
He loſes while in vain he preſſes on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run;
So Turnus fares, and, unreſolv'd of flight,
Moves tardy back, and juſt recedes from fight.
Yet twice, enrag'd, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes purſues:
But now they ſwarm; and, with freſh troops ſupply'd,
Come rolling on, and ruſh from every ſide.
Nor Juno, who ſuſtain'd his arms before,
Dares with new ſtrength ſuffice th' exhauſted ſtore.
For Jove, with ſour commands, ſent Iris down,
To force th' invader from th' affrighted town.
With labour ſpent, no longer can he wield
The heavy faulchion, or ſuſtain the ſhield:
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they fling,
The weapons round his hollow temples ring:
His golden helm gives way: with ſtony blows
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows,
His creſt is raſh'd away; his ample ſhield
Is falſify'd, and round with javelins fill'd.

The

The foe now faint; the Trojans overwhelm:
And Mneſtheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick ſweat ſucceeds, he drops at every pore,
With driving duſt his cheeks are paſted o'er.
Shorter and ſhorter every gaſp he takes,
And vain efforts and hurtleſs blows he makes.
Arm'd as he was, at length, he leap'd from high;
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,
And wip'd the ſweat, and waſh'd away the gore:
Then gently wafts him to the farther coaſt;
And ſends him ſafe to chear his anxious hoſt.

THE TENTH BOOK OF THE ÆNEIS.

THE ARGUMENT.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return, there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lauſus, and Mezentius. Mezentius is deſcribed as an atheiſt; Lauſus as a pious and virtuous youth: the different actions and death of theſe two are the ſubject of a noble epiſode.

THE gates of heaven unfold; Jove ſummons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely ſeated, he ſurveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war;
And all th' inferior world: from firſt to laſt
The ſovereign ſenate in degrees are plac'd.
Then thus th' almighty ſire began: Ye gods,
Natives, or denizens, of bleſt abodes;

From

From whence theſe murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was firſt deſign'd?
Why this protracted war? When my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands.
What fear or hopes on either part divides
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different ſides?
A lawful time of war at length will come
(Nor need your haſte anticipate the doom)
When Carthage ſhall contend the world with Rome:
Shall force the rigid rocks, and Alpine chains;
And like a flood come pouring on the plains:
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favour, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature diſſenſion ceaſe:
Sit quiet, and compoſe your ſouls to peace.
Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
O power immenſe, eternal energy!
(For to what elſe protection can we fly?)
Seeſt thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpuniſh'd, and inſult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidſt his train,
In ſhining arms triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend;
And ſcarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with ſlaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increaſing moats.
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defence.

This

This endleſs outrage ſhall they ſtill ſuſtain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd, and fired again?
A ſecond ſiege my baniſh'd iſſue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I thy daughter wait another wound.
Yet if, with fates averſe, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But if the gods their ſure ſucceſs foretel,
If thoſe of heaven conſent with thoſe of hell,
To promiſe Italy; who dare debate
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?
What ſhould I tell of tempeſts on the main,
Of Æolus uſurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris ſent, with Bacchanalian heat,
T' inſpire the matrons, and deſtroy the fleet.
Now Juno to the Stygian ſky deſcends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove.
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful boſoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial ſway no more exalts my mind
(Such hopes I had indeed, while heaven was kind);
Now let my happier foes poſſeſs my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conqueſt grace.

Since

Since you can ſpare, from all your wide comman
No ſpot of earth, no hoſpitable land,
Which may my wandering fugitives receive
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);
Then, father (if I ſtill may uſe that name)
By ruin'd Troy, yet ſmoking from the flame,
I beg you, let Aſcanius by my care,
Be freed from danger, and diſmiſs'd the war:
Inglorious let him live, without a crown;
The father may be caſt on coaſts unknown,
Struggling with fate; but let me ſave the ſon.
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers;
In thoſe receſſes, and thoſe ſacred bowers,
Obſcurely let him reſt; his right reſign
To promis'd empire, and his Julian line.
Then Carthage may th' Auſonian towns deſtroy,
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.
What profits it my ſon, to 'ſcape the fire,
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his ſire;
To paſs the perils of the ſeas and wind;
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind;
To reach th' Italian ſhores: if, after all,
Our ſecond Pergamus is doom'd to fall?
Much better had he curb'd his high deſires,
And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguiſhed fires.
To Simois' banks the fugitives reſtore,
And give them back to war, and all the woes befo
Deep indignation ſwell'd Saturnia's heart:
And muſt I own, ſhe ſaid, my ſecret ſmart?

with more decence were in ſilence kept,
ut for this unjuſt reproach had ſlept.
od, or man, your favourite ſon adviſe,
war unhop'd the Latians to ſurprize?
e you boaſt, and by the gods decree,
t his native land for Italy:
ſs the truth; by mad Caſſandra, more
Heaven, inſpir'd, he ſought a foreign ſhore?
perſuade to truſt his ſecond Troy
e raw conduct of a beardleſs boy?
walls unfiniſh'd, which himſelf forſakes,
hrough the waves a wandering voyage takes?
i have I urg'd him meanly to demand
Tuſcan aid, and arm a quiet land?
or fris give this mad advice?
ide the fool himſelf the fatal choice?
hink it hard, the Latians ſhould deſtroy
ſwords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy:
and unjuſt indeed, for men to draw
native air, nor take a foreign law:
Turnus is permitted ſtill to live,
om his birth a god and goddeſs give:
x 'tis juſt and lawful for your line,
ive their fields, and force with fraud to join.
is not your own, among your clans divide,
rom the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride:
on, while you public arms prepare;
d a peace, and yet provoke a war.
given to you, your darling ſon to ſhrowd,
aw the daſtard from the fighting crowd;
or a man obtend an empty cloud.

From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ſhips to daughters of the ſea.
But 'tis my crime, the Queen of Heaven offends,
If ſhe preſume to ſave her ſuffering friends.
Your ſon, not knowing what his foes decree,
You ſay is abſent: abſent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,
The ſoft receſſes, and the ſacred bowers.
Why do you then theſe needleſs arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cauſe of miſchief, or the man,
Whoſe lawleſs luſt the fatal war began?
Think on whoſe faith th' adulterous youth rely'd:
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?
When all th' united ſtates of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind;
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.

Thus Juno. Murmurs riſe, with mix'd applauſe;
Juſt as they favour, or diſlike, the cauſe:
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whiſpers firſt their tender voices try:
Then iſſue on the main with bellowing rage,
And ſtorms to trembling mariners preſage.

Then thus to both reply'd th' imperial god,
Who ſhakes Heaven's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the ſilent ſenate ſtand
With reverence, liſtening to the dread command:

T

The clouds diſpel; the winds their breath reſtrain;
And the huſh'd waves lie flatted on the main).
Cœleſtials! your attentive ears incline;
Since, ſaid the god, the Trojans muſt not join
In wiſh'd alliance with the Latian Line;
Since endleſs jarrings, and immortal hate,
Tend but to diſcompoſe our happy ſtate;
The war henceforward be reſign'd to Fate.
Each to his proper fortune ſtand or fall,
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the ſame to me;
And both ſhall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let theſe aſſault, if Fortune be their friend;
And if ſhe favours thoſe, let thoſe defend:
The Fates will find their way. The Thunderer ſaid;
And ſhook the ſacred honours of his head;
Atteſting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god:
Trembled the poles of Heaven; and earth confeſs'd the nod:
This end the ſeſſions had: the ſenate riſe,
And to his palace wait their ſovereign through the ſkies.
Mean time, intent upon their ſiege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan hoſt incloſe:
They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate:
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.
Th' Æneans wiſh in vain their wonted chief,
Hopeleſs of flight, more hopeleſs of relief;
Thin on the towers they ſtand; and ev'n thoſe few,
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew:

Yet in the face of danger ſome there ſtood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Aſius and Acmon: both th' Aſſaraci;
Young Hæmon, and, though young, reſolv'd to die.
With theſe were Clarus and Thymetes join'd;
Tibris and Caſtor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling ſtone there came,
So large, it half deſerv'd a mountain's name!
Strong-ſinew'd was the youth, and big of bone,
His brother Mneſtheus could not more have done;
Or the great father of th' intrepid ſon.
Some firebrands throw, ſome flights of arrows ſend;
And ſome with darts, and ſome with ſtones defend.
Amid the preſs appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare,
In ringlets o'er his ſhoulders hung his hair;
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Diſtinguiſh'd from the crowd he ſhines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or poliſh'd ivory ſet,
Amidſt the meaner foil of ſable jet.
Nor Iſmarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poiſon arm'd: in Lydia born
Where plenteous harveſts the fat fields adorn:
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,
And leaves a rich manure of golden ſands,
There Capys, author of the Capuan name:
And there was Mneſtheus too increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he caſt with ſhame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either ſide.
Mean time the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He ſought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cauſe of coming to the chief;
His name and country told, and aſk'd relief:
Propos'd the terms; his own ſmall ſtrength declar'd,
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent, deſign'd;
Then ſhew'd the ſlippery ſtate of human kind,
And fickle Fortune; warn'd him to beware:
And to his wholeſome counſel added prayer.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty ſigns:
And to the Trojan troops the Tuſcan joins.
They ſoon ſet ſail; nor now the Fates withſtand;
Their forces truſted with a foreign hand.
Æneas leads; upon his ſtern appear
Two lions carv'd, which riſing Ida bear;
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful ſhade Æneas ſate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his ſide,
And oft' of winds inquir'd, and of the tide:
Oft' of the ſtars, and of their watery way;
And what he ſuffer'd both by land and ſea.
Now, ſacred ſiſters, open all your ſpring:
The Tuſcan leaders, and their army ſing;
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.

A thouſand youths brave Maſſicus obey,
Born in the Tiger, through the foaming ſea;
From Aſium brought, and Coſa, by his care;
For arms, light quivers, bows and ſhafts they bear.
Fierce Abas next, his men bright armour wore;
His ſtern, Apollo's golden ſtatue bore.
Six hundred Populonea ſent along,
All ſkill'd in martial exerciſe, and ſtrong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An iſle renown'd for ſteel, and unexhauſted mines.
Aſylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering ſtars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with preſaging ſounds.
A thouſand ſpears in warlike order ſtand,
Sent by the Piſans under his command.
Fair Aſtur follows in the watery field,
Proud of his manag'd horſe, and painted ſhield,
Graviſca, noiſom from the neighbouring fen,
And his own Cœre, ſent three hundred men:
With thoſe which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.
Thou, Muſe, the name of Cinyras renew;
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few:
Whoſe helm confeſs'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings diſplay'd, a ſilver ſwan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd anceſtry,
Whoſe forms and fortunes in his enſigns fly.
For Cycnus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And ſung his loſs in poplar groves alone;

Beneath

Beneath the ſiſter ſhades to ſooth his grief:
Heaven heard his ſong, and haſten'd his relief;
And chang'd to ſnowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His ſon Cupavo bruſh'd the briny flood:
Upon his ſtern a brawny Centaur ſtood,
Who heav'd a rock, and threatening ſtill to throw,
With lifted hands, alarm'd the ſeas below:
They ſeem to fear the formidable ſight,
And roll'd their billows on, to ſpeed his flight.
Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain,
The ſon of Manto, by the Tuſcan ſtream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name,
An ancient city, but of mix'd deſcent,
Three ſeveral tribes compoſe the government:
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuſcan ſway.
Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his ſire Benacus bore;
(Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er).
Theſe grave Auletes leads. A hundred ſweep,
With ſtretching oars, at once the glaſſy deep:
Him, and his martial train, the Triton bears,
High on his poop the ſea-green god appears:
Frowning he ſeems his crooked ſhell to ſound,
And at the blaſt the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waſte he ſhows,
A porpoiſe tail beneath his belly grows;

And ends a fish: his breaſt the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.
Full thirty ſhips tranſport the choſen train,
For Troy's relief, and ſcour the briny main.
Now was the world forſaken by the ſun,
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himſelf the rudder holds, the ſails ſupplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,
Once his own gallies, hewn from Ida's wood:
But now as many nymphs the ſea they ſweep,
As rode before tall veſſels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Incloſe the ſhip that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whoſe voice excell'd the reſt,
Above the waves advanc'd her ſnowy breaſt.
Her right hand ſtops the ſtern, her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides:
She ſpoke for all the choir; and thus began
With pleaſing words to warn th' unknowing man:
Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddeſs-born! awake,
Spread every ſail, purſue your watery track;
And haſte your courſe. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height deſcending to the ſea:
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we ſtood,
Preſum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then loos'd from ſhore we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our maſter's chain);
And ſince have ſought you through the Tuſcan main.

The

The mighty mother chang'd our forms to theſe,
And gave us life immortal in the ſeas.
But young Aſcanius, in his camp diſtreſs'd,
By your inſulting foes is hardly preſs'd;
Th' Arcadian horſemen, and Etrurian hoſt,
Advance in order on the Latian coaſt:
To cut their way the Daunian chief deſigns,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the roſy morn reſtores the light,
Firſt arm thy ſoldiers for th' enſuing fight;
Thyſelf the fated ſword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable ſhield.
To-morrow's ſun, unleſs my ſkill be vain,
Shall ſee huge heaps of foes in battle ſlain.
Parting, ſhe ſpoke; and, with immortal force,
Puſh'd on the veſſel in her watery courſe,
(For well ſhe knew the way), impell'd behind,
The ſhip flew forward, and outſtript the wind.
The reſt make up: unknowing of the cauſe,
The chief admires their ſpeed, and happy omens draws.
Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on Heaven his eyes:
Hear thou, great mother of the deities,
With turrets crown'd, (on Ida's holy hill),
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will).
Firm thy own omens, lead us on to fight,
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.
He ſaid no more. And now renewing day
Had chac'd the ſhadows of the night away.

He charg'd the ſoldiers with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' enſuing fight, and bade them hope the war.
Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below,
His camp encompaſs'd, and th' incloſing foe.
His blazing ſhield embrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the ſign, and with loud ſhouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the ſignal given, the cranes ariſe
Before the ſtormy ſouth, and blacken all the ſkies.
King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd;
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd;
The ſeas with ſwelling canvaſs cover'd o'er;
And the ſwift ſhips deſcending on the ſhore.
The Latians ſaw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant creſt that ſeem'd in flames to riſe,
And dart diffuſive fires around the field;
And the keen glittering of the golden ſhield.
Thus threatening comets, when by night they riſe,
Shoot ſanguine ſtreams, and ſadden all the ſkies:
So Sirius, flaſhing forth ſiniſter lights,
Pale human-kind with plagues and with dry famine frights.
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind, is bent
To man the ſhores, and hinder their deſcent:
And thus awakes the courage of his friends.
What you ſo long have wiſh'd, kind fortune ſends:

In

In ardent arms to meet th' invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day, you need but only dare:
Your ſwords will make you maſters of the war.
Your fires, your ſons, your houſes, and your lands,
And deareſt wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came;
And emulate in arms your father's fame.
Now take the time, while ſtaggering yet they ſtand
With feet unfirm; and prepoſſeſs the ſtrand:
Fortune befriends the bold. No more he ſaid,
But balanc'd whom to leave, and whom to lead:
Then theſe elects, the landing to prevent;
And thoſe he leaves, to keep the city pent.
Mean time the Trojan ſends his troops aſhore:
Some are by boats expos'd, by bridges more.
With labouring oars they bear along the ſtrand,
Where the tide languiſhes, and leap a-land.
Tarchon obſerves the coaſt with careful eyes,
And where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmur roar,
But ſmoothly ſlide along, and ſwell the ſhore:
That courſe he ſteer'd, and thus he gave command,
Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the veſſel, that her keel may wound
This hated ſoil, and furrow hoſtile ground.
Let me ſecurely land, I aſk no more,
Then ſink my ſhips, or ſhatter on the ſhore.
This fiery ſpeech inflames his fearful friends,
They tug at every oar; and every ſtretcher bends:

They

They run their ſhips aground, the veſſels knock,
(Thus forc'd aſhore) and tremble with the ſhock.
Tarchon's alone was loſt, and ſtranded ſtood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood.
She breaks her back, the looſen'd ſides give way,
And plunge the Tuſcan ſoldiers in the ſea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withſtand
Their paſſage, while they labour to the land;
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain ſand.

Now Turnus leads his troops, without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the ſea.
The trumpets ſound: Æneas firſt aſſail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw; and ſoon prevail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight:
Great Theron large of limbs, of giant height.
He firſt in open fields defy'd the prince,
But armour ſcal'd with gold was no defence
Againſt the fated ſword, which open'd wide
His plated ſhield, and pierc'd his naked ſide.

Next, Lycas fell; who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn:
Sacred, O Phœbus! from his birth to thee,
For his beginning life from biting ſteel was free.
Nor far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monſtrous bulk; with Ciſſeus fierce and ſtrong;
Vain bulk and ſtrength; for when the chief aſſail'd,
Nor valour, nor Herculean arms, avail'd;
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.

The

The noiſy Pharos next receiv'd his death,
Æneas wrich'd his dart, and ſtopp'd his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardleſs bloom,
And ſought with luſt obſcene polluted joys:
The Trojan ſword had cur'd his love of boys,
Had not his ſeven bold brethren ſtopp'd the courſe
Of the fierce champion, with united force.
Seven darts are thrown at once, and ſome rebound
From his bright ſhield, ſome on his helmet ſound:
The reſt had reach'd him, but his mother's care
Prevented thoſe, and turn'd aſide in air.
The prince then call'd Achates, to ſupply
The ſpears that knew the way to victory.
Thoſe fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium ſtood:
Not one of thoſe my hand ſhall toſs in vain
Againſt our foes, on this contended plain,
He ſaid: then ſeiz'd a mighty ſpear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buckler flew;
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He ſtagger'd with intolerable ſmart.
Alcanor ſaw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to ſuſtain.
A ſecond ſpear, which kept the former courſe,
From the ſame hand, and ſent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and, holding on, bereft
His uſe of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor, from his dead brother, drew
Th' ill-omen'd ſpear, and at the Trojan threw:

Prevents-

Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.
In pride of youth the Sabine Clauſus came,
And from afar at Dryops took his aim.
The ſpear flew hiſſing through the middle ſpace,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face:
It ſtopp'd at once the paſſage of his wind,
And the free ſoul to flitting air reſign'd:
His forehead was the firſt that ſtruck the ground;
Life-blood and life ruſh'd mingled through the wound.
He ſlew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
Had ſent to war; but all the ſons of Thrace.
Haleſus next, the bold Aurunci leads;
The ſon of Neptune to his aid ſucceeds,
Conſpicuous on his horſe: on either hand
Theſe fight to keep, and thoſe to win the land.
With mutual blood th' Auſonian ſoil is dy'd,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
As wintery winds, contending in the ſky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heaven
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven:
Each bent to conquer, neither ſide to yield;
They long ſuſpend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can:
Foot ſet to foot, and mingled man to man.
But in another part, th' Arcadian horſe,
With ill-ſucceſs engage the Latin force,

For

For where th' impetuous torrent, ruſhing down,
Huge craggy ſtones, and root:d trees had thrown,
They left their courſers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were ſcatter'd in a ſhameful flight.
Pallas, who with diſdain and grief had view'd
His foes purſuing, and his friends purſued,
Us'd threatnings mix'd with prayers, his laſt reſource;
With theſe to move their minds, with thoſe to fire their force.
Which way, companions! whither would you run?
By you yourſelves, and mighty battles won;
By my great ſire, by his eſtabliſh'd name,
And early promiſe of my future fame;
By my youth emulous of equal right,
To ſhare his honours, ſhun ignoble flight.
Truſt not your feet; your hands muſt hew your way
Through yon black body, and that thick array:
'Tis through that forward path that we muſt come:
There lies our way, and that our paſſage home.
Nor powers above, nor deſtinies below,
Oppreſs our arms; with equal ſtrength we go;
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we ſtand: a ſcanty ſhore;
The ſea behind, our enemies before:
No paſſage left, unleſs we ſwim the main;
Or, forcing theſe, the Trojan trenches gain.
This ſaid, he ſtrode with eager haſte along,
And bore amidſt the thickeſt of the throng,
Lagus, the firſt he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav'd a ſtone of mighty weight to throw;

Stooping, the ſpear deſcended on his chine,
Juſt where the bone diſtinguiſh'd either loin:
It ſtuck ſo faſt, ſo deeply bury'd lay,
That ſcarce the victor forc'd the ſteel away.
Hiſbon came on, but while he mov'd too ſlow
To wiſh'd revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he preſs'd;
And plung'd the fatal weapon in his breaſt.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in duſt,
Who ſtain'd his ſtepdam's bed with impious luſt.
And after him the Daunian twins were ſlain,
Laris and Thimbrus, on the Latian plain:
So wondrous like in feature, ſhape, and ſize,
As caus'd an error in their parents' eyes.
Grateful miſtake! but ſoon the ſword decides
The nice diſtinction, and their fate divides.
For Thimbrus' head was lopp'd: and Laris' hand,
Diſmember'd, fought its owner on the ſtrand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion ſtrain,
And threaten ſtill th' intended ſtroke in vain.
Now, to renew the charge, th' Arcadians came:
Sight of ſuch acts, and ſenſe of honeſt ſhame,
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame.
Then with a caſual blow was Rhæteus ſlain,
Who chanc'd, as Pallas threw, to croſs the plain:
The flying ſpear was after Ilus ſent,
But Rhæteus happen'd on a death unmeant:
From Teuthras and from Tyrus while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead.

Roll'd

Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he ſpurn'd the ground.
As, when in ſummer welcome winds ariſe,
The watchful ſhepherd to the foreſt flies,
And fires the midmoſt plants; contagion ſpreads,
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;
Around the foreſt flies the furious blaſt,
And all the leafy nation ſinks at laſt;
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waſte;
The paſtor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the ſatiate flames in ſheets aſcend the ſky:
So Pallas' troops their ſcatter'd ſtrength unite;
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.
Haleſus came, fierce with deſire of blood
(But firſt collected in his arms he ſtood);
Advancing then he ply'd the ſpear ſo well,
Ladon, Demodochus, and Pheres, fell:
Around his head he toſs'd his glittering brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat: then hurl'd a ſtone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It ſtruck beneath the ſpace of either eye,
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep ſkill'd in future fates, Haleſus' ſire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire Deſtiny laid hold upon the ſon,
And haul'd him to the war: to find beneath
Th' Evandrian ſpear a memorable death.

Pallas th' encounter ſeeks; but, ere he throws,
To Tuſcan Tiber thus addreſs'd his vows:
O ſacred ſtream, direct my flying dart,
And give to paſs the proud Haleſus' heart:
His arms and ſpoils thy holy oak ſhall bear.
Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his prayer;
For, while his ſhield protects a friend diſtreſs'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breaſt.
But Lauſus, no ſmall portion of the war,
Permits not panick fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of ſo renown'd a knight;
But by his own example chears the fight.
Fierce Abas firſt he ſlew; Abas, the ſtay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops eſcap'd the Greeks in vain,
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude ſhock of war both armies came,
The leaders equal, and their ſtrength the ſame.
The rear ſo preſs'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to diſpute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lauſus there,
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congreſs in the field great Jove withſtands,
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.
Mean time Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lauſus' danger, urging ſwift relief.
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:

Let

Let none preſume his needleſs aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field, the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due:
Oh were his father here my juſt revenge to view!
From the forbidden ſpace his men retir'd,
Pallas their awe and his ſtern words admir'd,
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering ſight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and towering height.
Then to the king; your empty vaunts forbear;
Succeſs I hope, and Fate I cannot fear.
Alive or dead, I ſhall deſerve a name:
Jove is impartial, and to both the ſame.
He ſaid, and to the void advanc'd his pace;
Pale horror ſate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Addreſs'd himſelf on foot to ſingle fight.
And, as a lion, when he ſpies from far
A bull that ſeems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and ſpurning back the ſand,
Runs roaring downward from his hilly ſtand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more ſlow,
To ruſh from high on his unequal foe.
Young Pallas, when he ſaw the chief advance
Within due diſtance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him firſt, reſolv'd to try
If Fortune would his want of force ſupply;
And thus to Heaven and Hercules addreſs'd:
Alcides, once on earth Evander's gueſt,
His ſon adjures you by thoſe holy rites,
That hoſpitable board, thoſe genial nights;

Aſſiſt my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His raviſh'd ſpoils. 'Twas heard, the vain requeſt;
Alcides mourn'd; and ſtifled ſighs within his breaſt.
Then Jove, to ſooth his ſorrow, thus began:
Short bounds of life are ſet to mortal man;
'Tis virtue's work alone to ſtretch the narrow ſpan.
So many ſons of gods in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have loſt the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe,
Nor I, his mighty ſire, could ward the blow.
Ev'n Turnus ſhortly ſhall reſign his breath;
And ſtands already on the verge of death.
This ſaid, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his ſight.
Now with full force his ſpear young Pallas threw;
And, having thrown, his ſhining fauchion drew:
The ſteel juſt graz'd along the ſhoulder joint,
And mark'd it ſlightly with the glancing point.
Fierce Turnus firſt to nearer diſtance drew,
And pois'd his pointed ſpear before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
See now, ſaid he, whoſe arm is better ſtrung.
The ſpear kept on the fatal courſe, unſtay'd
By plates of iron, which o'er the ſhield were laid:
Through folded braſs and tough bull-hides it paſs'd,
His croſlet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at laſt.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood,
The ſoul comes iſſuing with the vital blood:

He falls; his arms upon his body ſound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.
Turnus beſtrode the corpſe: Arcadians hear,
Said he; my meſſage to your maſter bear:
Such as the fire deſerv'd, the ſon I ſend:
It coſts him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeleſs body, tell him, I beſtow,
Unaſk'd, to reſt his wandering ghoſt below.
He ſaid, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and ſpurn'd the wretched corſe:
Then ſnatch'd the ſhining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made:
Where fifty fatal brides, expreſs'd to fight,
All, in the compaſs of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.
In an ill hour inſulting Turnus tore
Thoſe golden ſpoils, and in a worſe he wore.
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time ſhall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wiſh untouch'd the trophies of the ſlain:
Shall wiſh the fatal belt were far away;
And curſe the dire remembrance of the day.
The ſad Arcadians from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathleſs body on a ſhield.
O grace and grief of war! at once reſtor'd
With praiſes to thy ſire, at once deplor'd.
One day firſt ſent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy ſhield.

This diſmal news, not from uncertain fame,
But ſad ſpectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin ſtand,
Unleſs reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his ſword around, without delay,
And hews through adverſe foes an ample way;
To find fierce Turnus, of his conqueſt proud:
Evander, Pallas, all that friendſhip ow'd
To large deſerts, are preſent to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hoſpitable ties.
Four ſons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To pleaſe the ghoſt of Pallas; and expire
In ſacrifice, before his funeral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he ſtoop'd below
The flying ſpear, and ſhun'd the promis'd blow.
Then, creeping, claſp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
By young Iulus, by thy father's ſhade,
O ſpare my life, and ſend me back to ſee
My longing ſire, and tender progeny.
A lofty houſe I have, and wealth untold,
In ſilver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All theſe, and ſums beſides, which ſee no day,
The ranſom of this one poor life ſhall pay.
If I ſurvive, ſhall Troy the leſs prevail?
A ſingle ſoul 's too light to turn the ſcale.
He ſaid. The hero ſternly thus reply'd:
Thy bars, and ingots, and the ſums beſide,
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war, by one relentleſs ſtroke,

When

When Pallas fell: ſo deems, nor deems alone,
My father's ſhadow, but my living ſon.
Thus having ſaid, of kind remorſe bereſt,
He ſeiz'd his helm, and dragg'd him with his left:
Then with his right-hand, while his neck he wreath'd,
Up to the hilts his ſhining fauchion ſheath'd.
Apollo's prieſt, Hæmonides, was near,
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glittering in arms he ſhone amidſt the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple proud:
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field,
The holy coward fell: and, forc'd to yield,
The prince ſtood o'er the prieſt; and at one blow
Sent him an offering to the ſhades below.
His arms Sereſthus on his ſhoulders bears,
Deſign'd a trophy to the god of wars.
Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight;
And Umbro born upon the mountain's height.
The champion chears his troops t'encounter thoſe;
And ſeeks revenge himſelf on other foes.
At Anxur's ſhield he drove, and at the blow
Both ſhield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boaſted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms;
So made by mutter'd ſpells: and from the ſpheres
Had life ſecur'd in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, and his ſire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;
With his portended lance he makes defence:

Bears back his feeble foe; then, preſſing on,
Arreſts his better hand, and drags him down.
Stands o'er the proſtrate wretch, and as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head; the trunk a moment ſtood,
Then ſunk, and roll'd along the ſand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the ſlain;
Lie there, proud man, unpity'd on the plain:
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother, and thy native home:
Expos'd to ſavage beaſts, and birds of prey;
Or thrown for food to monſters of the ſea.
On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with theſe he chac'd along,
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa ſtrong,
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young:
Camers was ſon to Volſcens lately ſlain,
In wealth ſurpaſſing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his ſilent eaſy reign.
And as Ægean, when with heaven he ſtrove,
Stood oppoſite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defy'd the forky lightning from afar:
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flaſh for flaſh returns, and fires for fires:
In his right-hand as many ſwords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many ſhields:
With ſtrength like his the Trojan hero ſtood,
And ſoon the fields with falling crops were ſtrow'd,
When once his fauchion found the taſte of blood.

With

With fury ſcarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Againſt Niphæus, whom four courſers drew.
They, when they ſee the fiery chief advance,
And puſhing at their cheſts his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with ſo ſwift a motion, mad with fear,
They drew their maſter headlong from the chair:
They ſtare, they ſtart, nor ſtop their courſe, before
They bear the bounding chariot to the ſhore.
Now Lucagus and Liger ſcour the plains,
With two white ſteeds, but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty ſeat maintains.
Bold brethren both, the former wav'd in air
His flaming ſword; Æneas couch'd his ſpear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus. Thy confidence is vain
To ſcape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor theſe the ſteeds which Diomede beſtrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's ſhield:
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer
Return'd his anſwer with his flying ſpear.
As Lucagus to laſh his horſes bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for fight, the fatal dart arrives,
And through the border of his buckler drives;
Paſs'd through, and pierc'd his groin; the deadly wound,
Caſt from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with ſcornful ſpight:
Blame not the ſlowneſs of your ſteeds in flight;

Vain

Vain ſhadows did not force their ſwift retreat:
But you yourſelf forſake your empty ſeat.
He ſaid, and ſeiz'd at once the looſen'd rein
(For Liger lay already on the plain
By the ſame ſhock); then, ſtretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
Now by thyſelf, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee ſpare
This forfeit life, and hear thy ſuppliant's prayer.
Thus much he ſpoke; and more he would have ſaid;
But the ſtern hero turn'd aſide his head,
And cut him ſhort: I hear another man,
You talk'd not thus before the fight began;
Now take your turn: and, as a brother ſhould,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood:
Then through his breaſt his fatal ſword he ſent,
And the ſoul iſſued at the gaping vent.
As ſtorms the ſkies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and ſcatter'd deaths around:
At length Aſcanius, and the Trojan train,
Broke from the camp, ſo long beſieg'd in vain.
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
My ſiſter-goddeſs, and well-pleaſing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid ſupports the ſtrife;
Suſtains her Trojans, or themſelves alone
With inborn valour force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if ſuch warriors want immortal aid.

To

To whom the goddeſs with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, ſubmiſſively replies.
Why, O my ſovereign lord, whoſe frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when if I ſtill
(As once I was) were miſtreſs of your will,
From your almighty power, your pleaſing wife
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus' life;
Securely ſnatch him from the fatal fight;
And give him to his aged father's ſight.
Now let him periſh, ſince you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And in the fourth degree from god Pilumnus came:
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incenſe at your ſhrine.
Then ſhortly thus the ſovereign god reply'd;
Since in my power and goodneſs you confide;
If for a little ſpace, a lengthen'd ſpan,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man:
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence,
From inſtant fate, and can ſo far diſpenſe.
But if ſome ſecret meaning lies beneath,
To ſave the ſhort-liv'd youth from deſtin'd death:
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.
To whom the goddeſs thus, with weeping eyes:
And what if that requeſt your tongue denies,
Your heart ſhould grant; and not a ſhort reprieve,
But length of certain life to Turnus give?

Now

Now ſpeedy death attends the guiltleſs youth,
If my preſaging ſoul divines with truth,
Which, O! I wiſh might err through cauſeleſs fears
And you (for you have power) prolong his years.
Thus having ſaid, involv'd in clouds, ſhe flies,
And drives a ſtorm before her through the ſkies.
Swift ſhe deſcends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens'd, a ſpectre ſoon ſhe made,
And what Æneas was, ſuch ſeem'd the ſhade.
Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft, a plumy creſt he wore:
This hand appear'd a ſhining ſword to wield,
And that ſuſtain'd an imitated ſhield:
With manly mien he ſtalk'd along the ground;
Nor wanted voice bely'd, nor vaunting ſound
(Thus haunting ghoſts appear to waking ſight,
Or dreadful viſions in our dreams by night).
The ſpectre ſeems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flouriſhes his empty ſword in air:
At this advancing Turnus hurl'd his ſpear;
The phantom wheel'd, and ſeem'd to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
Whither, O coward, (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he ſpoke to wind, and chac'd a cloud;)
Why thus forſake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you fought ſo long by ſea.
He ſaid, and, brandiſhing at once his blade,
With eager pace purſued the flying ſhade.

By chance a ſhip was faſten'd to the ſhore,
Which from old Cluſium king Oſinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for ſafe aſcent;
For ſhelter there the trembling ſhadow bent,
And ſkipp'd, and ſculk'd, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardleſs haſte,
Aſcends the plank, and to the galley paſs'd.
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand
The haulſers cuts, and ſhoots the ſhip from land.
With wind in poop, the veſſel ploughs the ſea,
And meaſures back with ſpeed her former way.
Meantime Æneas ſeeks his abſent foe,
And ſends his ſlaughter'd troops to ſhades below.
The guileful phantom now forſook the ſhrowd,
And flew ſublime, and vaniſh'd in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the deluſion found,
Far on the ſea, ſtill making from the ground.
Then, thankleſs for a life redeem'd by ſhame,
With ſenſe of honour ſtung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful beſides of what in fight had paſs'd,
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he caſt.
O Jove! he cry'd, for what offence have I
Deſerv'd to bear this endleſs infamy?
Whence am I forc'd, and whither am I borne,
How, and with what reproach ſhall I return!
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or ſee Laurentum's lofty towers again?
What will they ſay of their deſerting chief?
The war was mine, I fly from their relief:

I led to ſlaughter, and in ſlaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, over-match'd in fight, in heaps they lie,
There ſcatter'd o'er the fields ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth! and draw me down alive,
Or, oh, ye pitying winds! a wretch relieve;
On ſands or ſhelves the ſplitting veſſel drive:
Or ſet me ſhipwreck'd on ſome deſert ſhore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may ſee me more;
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conſcious Fame,
Leſt ſhe ſhould follow, and my flight proclaim!
Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates revolv'd,
The choice was doubtful, but the death reſolv'd.
And now the ſword, and now the ſea took place:
That to revenge, and this to purge diſgrace.
Sometimes he thought to ſwim the ſtormy main,
By ſtretch of arms the diſtant ſhore to gain:
Thrice he the ſword aſſay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withſtood:
And thrice repreſs'd his rage: ſtrong gales ſupply'd,
And puſh'd the veſſel o'er the ſwelling tide.
At length ſhe lands him on his native ſhores,
And to his father's longing arms reſtores.
Meantime, by Jove's impulſe, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their ſhameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Againſt their king the Tuſcan troops conſpire,
Such is their hate, and ſuch their fierce deſire

Of

Of wiſh'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a ſolid rock by ſeas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd;
From his proud ſummit looking down, diſdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.
Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus; and Palmus as he fled:
At Latagus a weighty ſtone he flung,
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound,
Hamſtring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His creſt and armour, from his body torn,
Thy ſhoulders, Lauſus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mymas, both of Troy, he ſlew,
Mymas his birth from fair Theano drew:
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his ſire.
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was ſlain;
Unthinking Mymus, on the Latian plain.
And as a ſavage boar on mountains bred,
With foreſt maſt and fattening marſhes fed;
When once he ſees himſelf in toils inclos'd,
By huntſmen and their eager hounds oppos'd,
He whets his tuſks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their javelins from afar;
All keep aloof, and ſafely ſhout around,
But none preſumes to give a nearer wound.
He frets and froths, erects his briſtled hide,
And ſhakes a grove of lances from his ſide:

Nor

Not otherwiſe the troops, with hate inſpir'd
And juſt revenge, againſt the tyrant fir'd;
Their darts with clamour at a diſtance drive,
And only keep the languiſh'd war alive.
From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his ſpouſe betroth'd, and unconſummate night.
Mezentius ſees him through the ſquadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gameſome goat who friſks about the folds,
Or beamy ſtag that grazes on the plain;
He runs, he roars, he ſhakes his riſing mane;
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws,
The prey lies panting underneath his paws;
He fills his famiſh'd maw, his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morſels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius ruſhes on his foes,
And firſt unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he ſpurns the ſwarthy ground,
The lance, beſmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with diſdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch purſued:
Nor thought the daſtard's back deſerv'd a wound,
But running gain'd th' advantage of the ground.
Then, turning ſhort, he met him face to face,
To give his victory the better grace.
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppreſs'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breaſt,

To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd and o'er-labour'd in unequal fight:
At length reſolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the temples of the warrior horſe.
Juſt where the ſtroke was aim'd, th' unerring ſpear
Made way, and ſtood transfix'd through either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, ſurpriz'd with fright,
The wounded ſteed curvets; and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and laſh the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height,
His horſe came after with unwieldy weight;
And, floundering forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's incumber'd ſhoulder overlaid.
From either hoſt the mingled ſhouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the ſkies.
Æneas, haſtening, wav'd his fatal ſword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
Now, where are now thy vaunts, the fierce diſdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty ſtrain?
Struggling, and wildly ſtaring on the ſkies,
With ſcarce recover'd ſight, he thus replies:
Why theſe inſulting words, this waſte of breath,
To ſouls undaunted, and ſecure of death?
'Tis no diſhonour for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope of victory.
Nor aſk I life, nor fought with that deſign:
As I had us'd my fortune, uſe thou thine.
My dying ſon contracted no ſuch band;
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.

For this, this only favour let me ſue:
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,
Refuſe it not: but let my body have
The laſt retreat of human-kind, a grave.
Too well I know th' inſulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lauſus by my ſide.
He ſaid, and to the ſword his throat apply'd.
The crimſon ſtream diſtain'd his arms around,
And the diſdainful ſoul came ruſhing through the wound.

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And reſted lance: and thus aloud he cries,
Lo here the champion of my rebels lies.
The fields around with Iö Pæan ring,
And peals of ſhouts applaud the conquering king.
At this the vanquiſh'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly ſpoke, and propheſy'd in death:
Nor thou, proud man, unpuniſh'd ſhalt remain;
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.
Then, ſourly ſmiling, thus the king reply'd:
For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
But die thou firſt, whatever chance enſue.
He ſaid, and from the wound the weapon drew:
A hovering miſt came ſwimming o'er his ſight,
And ſeal'd his eyes in everlaſting night.
By Cadicus, Alcathous was ſlain;
Sacrator laid Hydaſpes on the plain:
Orſes the ſtrong to greater ſtrength muſt yield:
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Meſſapus Ericetes ſlew,
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headſtrong horſe his fate he found,
Who threw his maſter as he made a bound;
The chief, alighting, ſtuck him to the ground.
Then Clonius hand in hand, on foot aſſails,
The Trojan finks, and Neptune's ſon prevails.
Agis the Lycian, ſtepping forth with pride,
To ſingle fight the boldeſt foe defy'd;
Whom Tuſcan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not bely'd his mighty father's fame.

Salius to death the great Antronius ſent,
But the ſame fate the victor underwent;
Slain by Nealces' hand, well ſkill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.
Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance
Victors, and vanquiſh'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heaven ſurvey the fatal ſtrife,
And mourn the miſeries of human life.
Above the reſt two goddeſſes appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there:
Amidſt the crowd infernal Atè ſhakes
Her ſcourge aloft, and creſt of hiſſing ſnakes.
Once more the proud Mezentius with diſdain
Brandiſh'd his ſpear, and ruſh'd into the plain:
Where towering in the midmoſt ranks he ſtood,
Like tall Orion ſtalking o'er the flood:
When with his brawny breaſt he cuts the waves,
His ſhoulders ſcarce the topmoſt billow laves.
Or like a mountain-aſh, whoſe roots are ſpread,
Deep fix'd in earth, in clouds he hides his head.
The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntleſs undertook the doubtful war.
Collected in his ſtrength, and like a rock,
Poiz'd on his baſe, Mezentius ſtood the ſhock.
He ſtood, and, meaſuring firſt with careful eyes
The ſpace his ſpear could reach, aloud he cries;
My ſtrong right-hand, and ſword, aſſiſt my ſtroke
(Thoſe only gods Mezentius will invoke)

His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lauſus ſhall be worn.
He ſaid, and with his utmoſt force he threw
The maſſy ſpear, which, hiſſing as it flew,
Reach'd the celeſtial ſhield that ſtopp'd the courſe;
But glancing thence, the yet-unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The ſides and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travell'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war:
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he choſe,
And in Evander's palace ſought repoſe:
Now falling by another wound, his eyes
He caſts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.
The pious Trojan then his javelin ſent.
The ſhield gave way: through treble plates it went
Of ſolid braſs, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull-hides which round the buckler roll'd.
All theſe it paſs'd, reſiſtleſs in the courſe,
Tranſpierc'd his thigh, and ſpent its dying force.
The gaping wound guſh'd out a crimſon flood;
The Trojan, glad with ſight of hoſtile blood,
His fauchion drew, to cloſer fight addreſs'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppreſs'd.
His father's peril Lauſus view'd with grief,
He ſigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief:
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I muſt
To thy immortal memory be juſt;
And ſing an act ſo noble and ſo new,
Poſterity will ſcarce believe 'tis true.

Pain'd with his wound, and uſeleſs for the fight,
The father fought to ſave himſelf by flight:
Incumber'd, ſlow he dragg'd the ſpear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, reſolv'd on death, below
The lifted ſword ſprings forth, to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applauſe ran ringing through the field,
To ſee the ſon the vanquiſh'd father ſhield:
All fir'd with generous indignation ſtrive;
And, with a ſtorm of darts, at diſtance drive
The Trojan chief: who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb ſuſtain'd the war.
As when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The ploughman, paſſenger, and labouring hind,
For ſhelter to the neighbouring covert fly;
Or hous'd, or ſafe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heaven above them ſmiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils:
Æneas, thus o'erwhelm'd on every ſide,
The ſtorm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lauſus loud with friendly threatening cry'd:
Why wilt thou ruſh to certain death, and rage
In raſh attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love? Nor thus forborn
The youth deſiſts, but with inſulting ſcorn
Provokes the lingering prince, whoſe patience, tir'd,
Gave place, and all his breaſt with fury fir'd.

For

For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd sheers;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which full descending, with a frightful sway,
Through shield and corslet gor'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams through the thin armour strove,
And drench'd th' embroider'd coat his mother wove;
And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He griev'd, he wept, the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love; a sadly pleasing thought!
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said,
Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more!
Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword!
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolate, and sacred to the slain!
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow-ghosts with glory tell,
'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell.
With this his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.

Mean time his father, now no father, ſtood,
And waſh'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppreſs'd with anguiſh, panting, and o'erſpent,
His fainting limbs againſt an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did ſuſtain,
His heavier arms lay ſcatter'd on the plain:
A choſen train of youth around him ſtand,
His drooping head was reſted on his hand:
His griſly beard his penſive boſom ſought,
And all on Lauſus ran his reſtleſs thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a meſſage ſent
To warn him from the field: alas! in vain;
Behold his mournful followers bear him ſlain:
O'er his broad ſhield ſtill guſh'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event with a foreboding mind.
With duſt he ſprinkled firſt his hoary head,
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he ſpread;
Laſt the dear corpſe embracing, thus he ſaid:
What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been ſo covetous to live?
To ſee my ſon, and ſuch a ſon, reſign
His life a ranſom for preſerving mine?
And am I then preſerv'd, and art thou loſt?
How much too dear has that redemption coſt!
'Tis now my bitter baniſhment I feel;
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.

My guilt thy growing virtues did defame,
My blackneſs blotted thy unblemiſh'd name.
Chac'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd,
For foul miſdeeds, were puniſhments too mild:
I ow'd my people theſe, and from their hate
With leſs reſentment could have born my fate.
And yet I live, and yet ſuſtain the ſight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long. With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs that ſtagger'd with his wound.
Yet with a mind reſolv'd, and unappal'd
With pains or perils, for his courſer call'd:
Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himſelf did dreſs
With daily care, and mounted with ſucceſs;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.
Soothing his courage with a gentle ſtroke,
The ſteed ſeem'd ſenſible, while thus he ſpoke:
O Rhæbus, we have liv'd too long for me
(If life and long were terms that could agree);
This day thou either ſhalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
This day thou either ſhalt revenge my woe
For murder'd Lauſus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable Fate deny
Our conqueſt, with thy conquer'd maſter die:
For, after ſuch a lord, I reſt ſecure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load, endure.
He ſaid: and ſtraight th' officious courſer kneels
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills

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